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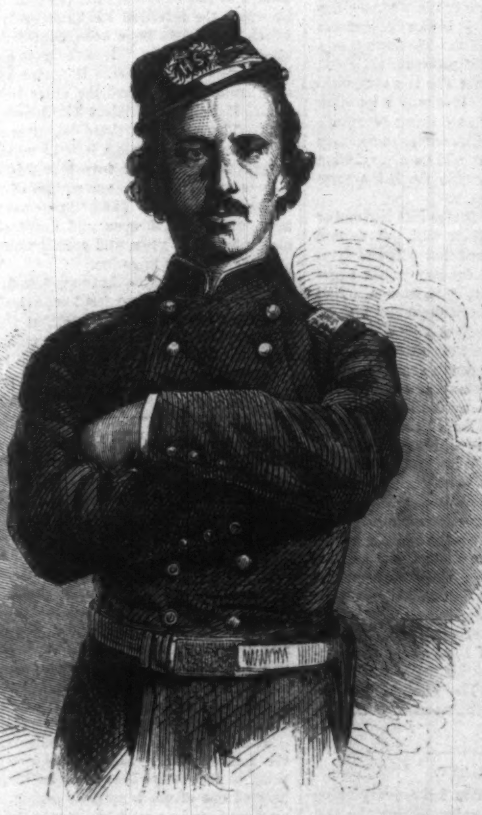


COLONEL ELLSWORTH, OF THE FIRE ZOUAVES.

WE publish above, from a recent photograph, a portrait of COLONEL ELLSWORTH, the commander of the Fire Zouaves of this city. Colonel Ellsworth's face and gallant bearing are well known to most of our citizens, and they will be glad to meet him once more in our pages.

The Colonel is quite a young man, being only about twenty-seven years of age. He is a native of New England, and studied for a time at West Point, acquiring the usual proficiency in the manual of military exercise and the use of arms.

Some years ago he removed to Chicago, Illinois, and settled there. His love for military pursuits still endured, and conceiving—shortly after the Crimean war—a decided opinion that the Zouave tactics were more practically efficient than those of our ordinary light infantry, he set to work to raise a corps of Zouaves in Chicago. Some forty or fifty young men joined his company, and he devoted himself to drilling them. In the course of a year or so, they arrived at such a pitch of perfection both in the light infantry drill and in the Zouave tactics, that many of their friends were anxious that they should visit the East to show what Chicago could do. Accordingly, in July, 1860, they left Chicago on a pleasure tour.

On 14th July they arrived in this city, after a triumphant progress through the Western States. At that time the Zouave drill was new to most of us. The fantastic dress of our visitors, their strange evolutions, and the masterly precision of their drill, attracted general attention not only among military men, but among the public at large. All the Colonels of our crack city regiments attended their exhibitions, and studied Colonel Ellsworth's manœuvres, and at last, so great was the desire of our ladies to witness the Chicago boys, that an exhibition was given for them in the Academy of Music which was crammed by the élite of society. Colonel Ellsworth may safely be described as the Father of the Zouave drill in the United States. At the present time, there are several thousand well-drilled Zouaves in the North and West.

On his return home, the young Colonel was of course much fêted by his fellow-citizens, and new Zouave Companies were formed on the model of his.

Among other persons who paid him marked attention was Mr. Lincoln, then merely a candidate for the Presidency. After the election Mr. Lincoln signified his intention of attaching Colonel Ellsworth to his person; and when, in February last, he departed on his journey to Washington, Colonel Ellsworth was invited to form one of his escort. He was, the reporters tell us, one of the most useful of the party, ever watchful of Mr. Lincoln's person, and always in good temper and ready for any thing that could render the journey pleasant.

It was generally supposed that Colonel Ellsworth would be placed in a prominent position in the War Department under Mr. Lincoln. It is understood that his claims were urged by General Sumner, and that some post—perhaps the Chief Clerkship—was mentioned in connection with his name. It is not likely, however, that he sought any such inglorious berth. On the outbreak of the war he sought active service. And having had an opportunity of judging what excellent material for soldiers was contained in the New York Fire Department, he bethought himself of forming out of them a Zouave Regiment.

The idea was a happy one. Our firemen, brave as steel, would be restive under the stiff restraints of light infantry tactics, whereas the comparative freedom and dash of the Zouave drill suit them exactly. In the course of a couple of days over a thousand firemen volunteered. Some ten companies were accepted, the regiment was formed, and sent to Fort Hamilton for drill. They have since left for Washington, and, whatever happens, will doubtless give a good account of themselves.

COLONEL WILSON.

COLONEL WILLIAM WILSON, of the "Wilson Zouaves," whose portrait we give on this page, is a well-known character in New York. He has long been famous as a leader of the Mozart Democracy, having joined Fernando Wood in his famous bolt from Tammany Hall. A doughty chief of the "roughs," Mr. Wilson has figured prominently in almost every mêlée of our turbulent city Democracy, and is justly feared even by the strongest and boldest of the "b'hoys." In his youth he was a prize-fighter, and made a name for himself in the ring. A few years since he became Alderman of the First Ward, and was an active member of the Board. Since his retirement from the City Council he has not filled any public station.

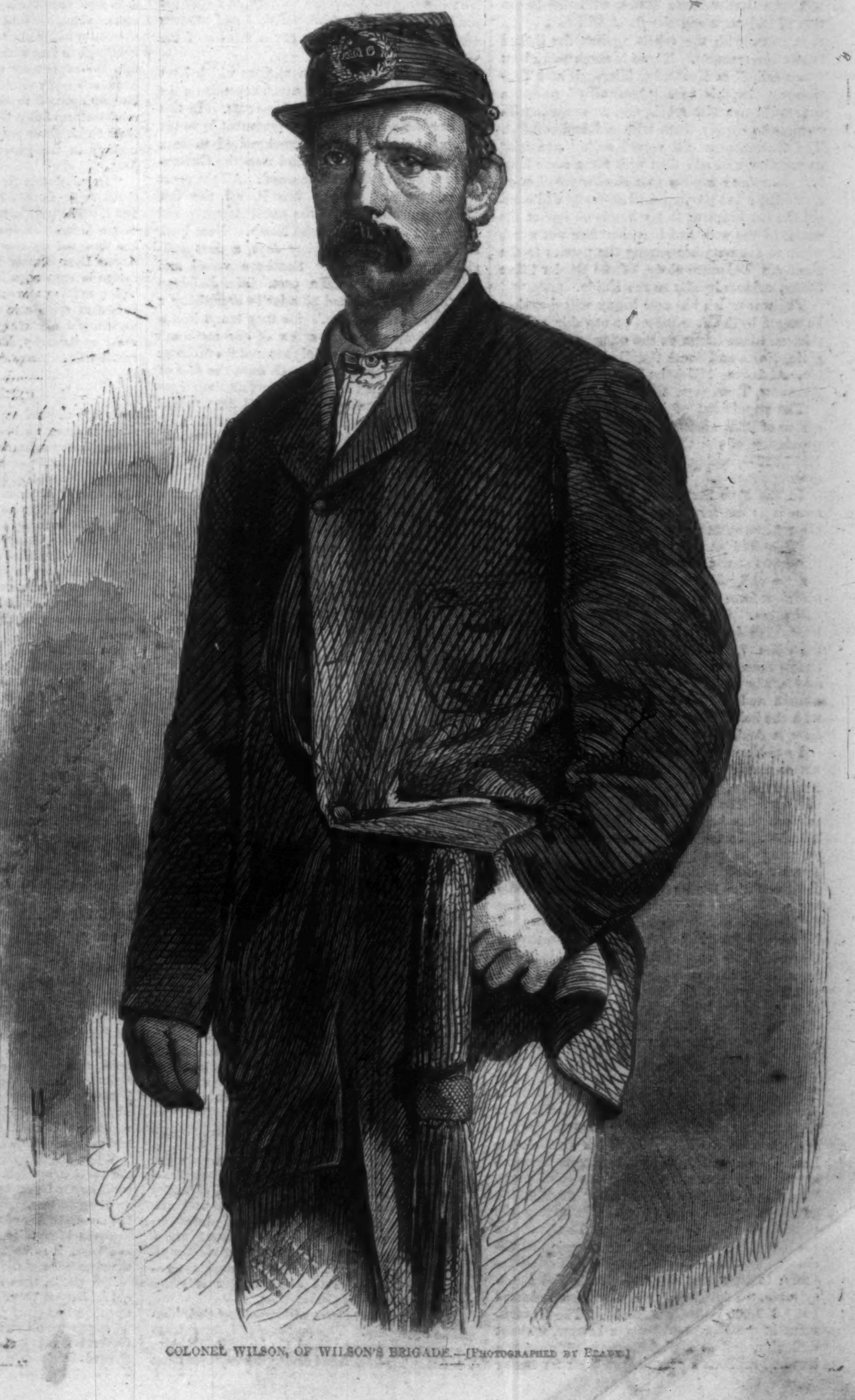
When the city of New York was thrilled by the news that Baltimore refused passage to Northern troops marching to the defense of Washington, and had even attacked and driven back a body of unarmed Pennsylvanians, Colonel Wilson instantly announced that he would form a corps of "roughs" to march through Baltimore. All the "b'hoys" flocked to his standard, and in two or three days nearly two thousand men offered their services.

They were offered no holiday work. "Boys!" said Wilson, to a party of thirty young men who volunteered, "you want to come with me, eh! Well, if you do, three-fourths of you will be in your graves in three weeks!"

"Bravo! good! good!" was the unanimous reply. "We'll go with you!"

They are all of this stamp.

Colonel Wilson and his men are encamped on Staten Island, preparing for their march through Baltimore.



COLONEL WILSON, OF WILSON'S BRIGADE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

The proprietors of *Harper's Weekly* beg to inform the public that they have dispatched an artist to the South, in company with Mr. Russell, the correspondent of the London *Times*. Another of their special artists is traveling with the Seventh Regiment; a third is now in Baltimore; and a fourth is with the *Southern Army* in Virginia. They are making other important changes in *Harper's Weekly*, involving considerable expense. The present number contains many more pictures than any heretofore issued; succeeding numbers will be still richer in illustrations. These improvements, it is believed, will render *Harper's Weekly* the best Illustrated Newspaper in the World.

In consequence of the additional expense which they will involve, the proprietors beg to announce that the price of *Harper's Weekly* is raised from five to six cents for single copies. The subscription price remains the same. The advertisement of terms, etc., will be found on page 303.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 11, 1861.

A FEW FIGURES.

At the time we write it seems likely that the Border Slave States, with the exception of Delaware and Maryland, will make common cause with the rebels against the United States Government. There is much talk about "neutrality" in Kentucky, Missouri, and Tennessee. In this case "neutrality" means a covert alliance with rebels, and treasonable willingness to supply them with aid and comfort. The Government will regard such "neutrals" as enemies, and will deal with them accordingly. Maryland aspires to a similar position of neutrality; but geographical necessity will compel the Government to lay hands on her at the outset of the war, and it is therefore not worth while to estimate her among the parties to the conflict. Delaware alone, of the Border Slave States, evinces loyalty to the Union.

The war which has now begun will therefore be waged by the Free States, on one side, against thirteen Slave States on the other, to wit: Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Missouri.

The population of the Free States, by the census of 1860, amounts to 18,950,759; the free population of the thirteen rebellious States to 7,657,395—considerably less than half that of their opponents.

In the Free States every man able to bear arms is at the service of the Government. In the rebellious States a certain number of men are required at home to keep in subjection 3,912,096 slaves. By a law of Louisiana planters are obliged to keep on their plantations a sufficient force of white men to resist a negro insurrection. Custom renders the same practice imperative in the other Slave States. Thus, from the 7,657,395 whites of the rebellious States must be deducted a large body of adult males, who are required at home to defend the women and children from the negroes. It is with the balance only that the Government will have to deal.

In modern warfare, however, success is won not so much by numbers as by money. The longest purse, in the long-run, infallibly wins the day. The comparative wealth of the two sections thus becomes a matter of the highest moment. In the Banks of the States now constituting the Southern Confederacy, there is at present about $20,000,000 in specie: in the Banks of the Border States about $5,000,000 more. With the exception of the Banks of New Orleans, all the Banks of the Gulf States, of North Carolina, and of Virginia, and many of those of Tennessee and Kentucky, are insolvent, have suspended specie payments, and issue notes which are uncurrent except at an enormous discount. In the three cities of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, the Banks hold about $51,000,000 in specie, and the sub-treasuries and mint about $15,000,000 more. Notes of Western Banks, secured by deposits of Slave State stocks are greatly depreciated. But the currency of Pennsylvania, New York, and New England is at par. It is now well known that the attempt to negotiate $5,000,000 of Confederate Bonds, ten days ago, was a failure, notwithstanding the terrorism exercised by the rebel press. When our Government asked for $8,000,000, $34,000,000 were offered, notwithstanding the opposition of leading newspapers. The Southern Savings Banks contain so little money that the amount is not worth recording in statistical reports: in New England, New York, and Pennsylvania, the working-classes have deposited some $130,000,000 in Savings Banks. The Government of the United States can borrow, without difficulty, and at a moderate rate of interest, a hundred millions a year at New York for two or three years, if so much be required to suppress the rebellion: the rebel Government can not borrow ten millions at home, or ten cents abroad. If, therefore, money be the sinew of war, as historians assure us, a very brief campaign must settle the question in favor of the North.

Mechanical appliances are as essential in war as men and money. In these the pre-eminence of the North is unquestionable. The Southern States are a purely agricultural region. Mechanical arts can not thrive side by side with slavery. There is a foundery at Richmond, Virginia, at which arms and munitions of war are manufactured, and there are one or two other small shops in other Southern States where Northern mechanics make a few guns. But, with sparse exceptions, every pistol, rifle, musket, cannon, bayonet, sword, and bowie-knife, and every pound of powder, every box of caps, every cartridge, every shell, every fuse, and every bullet or ball that is used by the Southern troops was made at the North, and can not be replaced at the South. From the hour the United States occupy the Richmond foundery, and blockade the Southern ports, the supply of arms to the rebels will be stopped. Every cartridge burned after that time will be an irretrievable loss. Nor is there any chance that founderies will be established at the South. Slaveholders dare not. The most magnificent pasture-lands in America are untilled because the Southern whites dare not trust their slaves with scythes to mow hay; much less could they suffer armories and factories to be established where negroes might obtain powder, ball, and edged tools. In the North, on the other hand, the prospect is that every adult male will, in the course of a few weeks, be supplied with the most perfect weapons of modern warfare, and that the highest efforts of mechanical skill and modern engineering talent will be at the service of the Government.

Again, in wars between regions which have both a large coast surface, much depends on the respective tonnage of the belligerents. In this respect the power of the Government is to the power of the rebels as four hundred to one. Where they have a thousand tons the Government has four hundred thousand. All the great steamships and clipper vessels, all the fast yachts, and the bulk of the small steamers and propellers are owned at the North. New York alone can fit out, in thirty days, a fleet sufficient to capture every Southern vessel and blockade every Southern port. Mr. Jefferson Davis committed a sad blunder in organizing a system of privateering. He may tempt half a dozen pirates to seize a few of our merchant ships. But he has certainly secured the ultimate extirpation of Southern vessels from the face of the deep. In six months from this time there will not be a craft afloat that will dare to hail from any port south of the capes of the Delaware.

What, then, can the South hope from this absurd rebellion?

THE LOUNGER.

NO TRUCE WITH TRAITORS.

There are idle reports in the papers from time to time that Mr. Pierce, of Concord, or some other noted person, has been invited by Mr. Somebody, of Somewhere, to mediate between the Government and the rebels. Then that Secretary Cameron has proposed an armistice of sixty days. Then that Lord Lyons is going to mediate. Why not say at once that Jeff Davis has proposed to the President of the United States that if he will abdicate the rebels will mercifully let him off with perpetual exile from the country?

The Government of this country was slow, and properly slow, to assert its unquestionable authority by force of arms. It endured more than any Government among civilized men ever endured before. It looked on to see rebels build batteries to batter down the forts of the people of this country. It looked on patiently while the hospitals, navy-yards, and ships of the people were stolen. It was taunted as craven by its foes—it was almost suspected as incompetent by its friends—and at length, to put friends and foes in the wrong, the first shot from Sumter boomed across the land: its echo was an appeal from the Government to the people whose majesty it represented, and the response was the marvelous unanimity of the vast population of the Free States.

They have taken up their arms—they have kissed wife and child—they have bent under the blessing of parents—and they are not men who will parley or tolerate parleying with traitors. Inclined to peace; obedient to law; patient of injustice while still legal redress is open, they are the last men in the world to take up arms at all; but once armed, they are the very last men in the world to lay them down until every jot and tittle of the dispute has been finally settled.

No truce with traitors is their watchword; but laying down of arms by rebels—total dispersion—surrender of ringleaders, and evidence of future good behavior. No truce with traitors until the last spark of this treason, which has tainted our politics for twenty years and more, is utterly trampled out. No truce with traitors until the American flag floats over every inch of our soil, the unquestioned guarantee to every citizen of every right secured by the Constitution.

Whoever offers to treat with armed rebels is himself no loyal man. This profound and bitter struggle was none of our seeking; but by all the precious blood that has flowed and shall yet flow, it shall not end until all the wrongs which peaceful and decent citizens of the Free States have patiently and silently endured for years are thoroughly redressed. Because they believed in their Government and meant to right all wrongs by its lawful operation, the sons of the men who fought the Revolution have been spit upon as sneaking Yankee peddlers and cowardly tinkers whose noses might be pulled at pleasure. Believing still in that Government they have marshaled themselves for its maintenance. At last the great north wind is rising that shall purge our air of these sickly Southern vapors. At last, at last, the majesty of that flag shall be vindicated, and all that its bright stars mean shall be read in the regeneration of the nation. Through the blackest night the world rolls on toward morning. No truce with traitors until the spirit of treason is annihilated.

WHAT IS THE ISSUE?

A recent number of *Once a Week* has a summary of foreign news, and it remarks: "There is a revolution in America, involving impracticable tariffs and a menace of a dearth of cotton."

England has always a magnificent ignorance of America and American affairs, but this is peculiarly dense even for England. It is like the journals of a century ago speaking of the Revolution as a trouble about a tea-tax. But patience, patience; England will presently see that this is a very vital and a very simple struggle. It is only a question of rebellion. There is an effort making to change the government of the United States into a military despotism. If it succeeds, it will be a revolution like one which should change the English system into one of Asiatic absolutism.

The people of the United States last November constitutionally expressed their will. A faction refused to submit. It believed that political sympathy in other parts of the country would negatively if not positively support its resistance. And it formed what it called a Government and took up arms. That moment the passive sympathy it had elsewhere had deserted it, and the rebellion found itself face to face with a vast people armed to maintain the supremacy of the Government they had constitutionally elected. Many of them had been bitterly opposed to the election of the actual administrators of that Government, but in defending their rights those people only maintain their own majesty in the person of a constitutional President.

"Impracticable tariffs" have as much to do with the struggle as they have with Garibaldi's war in Italy. The tariff came as an unfortunate complication before the final aspect of the treason. It has flowered out now into a formidable rebellion. Aaron Burr dreamed, but Jeff Davis acts. His future is success, a halter, or exile. He is Wat Tyler, nothing more; and if *Once a Week* remembers that episode in English history it can easily understand our struggle. The issue is Government or Anarchy, Mexico or America. And the result will be America.

GENERAL SCOTT.

In our natural eagerness to have every thing done at once, we have forgotten, during the last two or three weeks, that at the head of the military movement in the country there is one of the most successful and accomplished soldiers of the age. The weight of years seems to bear lightly upon him. His letter to Floyd last autumn, before Floyd was so conspicuous a traitor as he soon afterward became, showed that General Scott's faculties were untouched by time, while his management of matters in Washington before and during the inauguration was certainly masterly. Of course every body must feel that it is to Scott that we owe the safety of the capital to the present moment.

On the day of the great meeting in New York a panic of apprehension fell upon the public mind, and there were doubtless many who expected to rise on Sunday morning to hear that Washington was captured, and probably the President and his Cabinet. The necessity of the rebels striking at once, if they meant to strike at all, was so clear to every mind that it was hard not to believe that a war-cloud was gathering about the capital which would explode before our conductors were prepared.

During those two or three doubtful days General Scott was probably the calmest man in the country, because no one could know so well as he the exact extent of the danger to be seriously apprehended. The last thing that he would have risked was a battle with Jeff Davis before he was fully prepared. Scott has fifty years of illustrious service behind him. He knows, as Shakespeare knew:

> "The painful warrior, famoused for fight,
> After a thousand victories, once foiled,
> Is from the book of honor rased quite,
> And all the rest forgot for which he toiled."

He knows also that the deadly hate which Jeff Davis bears him could have no sweeter satisfaction than in his defeat at the first meeting.

Had Scott, therefore, seriously supposed that there was danger of an overwhelming or even doubtful attack upon Washington before he felt himself strong enough to meet it, he would have advised the destruction of the city and retirement within the lines of the free States of the officers and archives of the Government.

When the story was told that the command of the rebel army had been offered to Scott, it was necessary to forget two things before giving it even an attentive ear. The first was that Scott's glory is that of the flag of the country. To betray it was to damn himself to inexpressible infamy, and no one knew it so well as he. The second was that the ringleader of the rebellion is Jeff Davis.

The result, thus far, has shown how wary the old soldier has been. He has had his eye and hand upon the two chief points, Washington and Cairo. Of course we all want to direct the campaign, but General Scott probably knows almost as much about it as we do.

MAY.

While the land hums with gathering armies the splendor of the spring unfolds itself, and leaves and blossoms and soft sunny airs woo the mind away from the doleful images of war.

This memorable spring has been very late, as if aghast at the terrible preparations that are every where making. The delicate hands that are wont at this season to be pushing aside moist dead leaves for yellow violets and the early anemone are cutting bandages and scraping lint, while the tears fall quietly in the sad wonder for whose wounds they are making ready.

Yet while the sweet-breathed spring confirms our faith in the tender and beneficent Providence that fills our eyes and ears and hearts with beauty and music, let us not forget that this vast and swift movement of the people proves to us the same kind Providence in another way; for it shows us how faithful we still are to great principles.

The leaders of the rebellion secretly believed that the people of the United States were so thoroughly demoralized that they would accept any yoke rather than risk their lives or the interests of trade in the defense of their own Government. Nor let any man wonder at this monstrous infatuation. The system by which the rebellion has been bred, and under which its leaders have been educated, is one of utter demoralization. It is the most absolute and intolerant of despotisms. It makes one class of men brutally abject, and the other insanely insolent. It is incompatible with Christian civilization. There may be, there doubtless are, shining exceptions, but a system is to be measured by its general influence. The trouble in this country has always proceeded from one section of the country and from one cause. The evil passions which have now culminated in open and desperate rebellion are those which grow and rankly flourish only in an atmosphere of injustice.

The hour is solemn—the immediate future is dim: but did any spring ever steal over the land so full of the best promise for the world as this? These budding and blossoming trees are symbols of flowers that shall not fade, of fruit that shall be immortal, which our children's children shall eat in plenty and peace.

OUR OWN.

Harper's Weekly has dispatched an artist for the benefit of its friends with Mr. Russell, who is to write letters about the war for the London *Times*. The correspondent has been in Charleston for some time receiving the hospitalities of that cheerful city. Now the condition of that kind of hospitality is, that you shall say that every thing you see and hear is the most charming thing in the world; that civilization is unknown except in those delightful regions; and if you eat a dinner, and then say, not what the host thinks, but what you think, of what you observe around you, you are an ungrateful scoundrel—a betrayer of hospitality, a viper warmed in the bosom, and then stinging it.

If Mr. W. H. Russell should happen to write to the London *Times* that he does not think every thing he sees is the best possible thing, he will be hustled out of the hospitable region. If he were an American he would be hung to the next tree.

The only traveler who, having thoroughly studied Southern life in all its aspects, has then carefully and graphically recorded the results, is Mr. Olmsted. His series of volumes of home travel is among the most valuable in literature. They are even better, because racier and of a wider scope, than Arthur Young's travels in France. If Mr. Russell is not deluded, as Mr. Gregory was when he was here, by the veneer of city society—if he remembers that necessarily every thing unpleasant will be kept out of his sight—and if his natural predilections for a strong monarchical government leave his judgment unwarped, he will be of great service to the cause of civilization and human rights in this crisis by simply describing what he sees and saying what he thinks.

The Mr. Gregory who moves in the British Parliament to recognize the independence of the rebellious citizens of this country, is a young Oxford man who believes fully in the divine rights of kings and the aristocracy, and who, finding the aristocratic element in our society strongest in the Slave States, sympathizes most with them; believing that a successful rebellion would restore a monarchical government to the country. He is quite right. It would do so undoubtedly. For the rebellion is only a huge effort to overthrow a free popular government and erect a military despotism upon its ruins.

Mr. Russell may or may not see this. He may or may not say it. But if he writes to the London *Times* that the original crack in our political edifice is about being repaired, and the building made permanently rebellion and treason proof, he will be writing history.

A WORD OF RETROSPECTION.

Events pass so rapidly in these eager days that it is hard to recur to the facts of a fortnight ago. But as we are making history so fast we ought to pause a moment and reflect a little upon our judgments as we go.

For instance, there was the letter of the Secretary of State to the Governor of Maryland. It produced an outburst of fury among the marshaling hosts of the Free States. Does he mean to parley with a traitor? was the instinctive question of Tom, Dick, and Harry. Yes, he did: and so would you in the same circumstances. With a burglar's hand upon your throat you would parley, and temporize, and delay all you could.

What were the circumstances? The Capital of the United States and the persons of the Cabinet were felt every where to be in imminent peril. Virginia on one side and Maryland on the other were in a blaze of rebellion. Communication with the loyal States was cut off. The Government was forty miles and more within the lines of the rebellion. It had summoned the loyal States, but it could not know that they were coming. It only knew that Virginia and Maryland swarmed with traitors. It knew that telegraphs were destroyed and bridges burned, and the chronically riotous city of Baltimore was mad with a rebellious riot. It knew and expected that at any moment a horde of rebels might descend upon it, and that their coming would not be unwelcome to many, if not a majority, of the population of the city.

It was under these circumstances that the Secretary wrote to the Governor, and spoke him fair. The position was a very hard one. It was not exactly a moment for bragging or defying. If he could have known what we know, he might not have syllabled so silvery a reply. If he had had an army of thirty thousand men about him, do you suppose he would have been so gingerly gracious? It was not a heroic reply. It was not the kind of answer that a commodore makes upon the deck of his ship, or a commander standing by his flag in extremity. Yet it does not deserve the wholesale censure and contempt which have been cast upon it. Remember that the Secretary until lately was inclined to believe and say with Bulwer's Richelieu,

"Put away the sword,
States can be saved without it."

He has now learned that these States, at least, can not be saved without it.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Retort Courteous.—A school-boy having good-naturedly helped another in a difficult ciphering lesson, was angrily questioned by the Dominie, "Why did you work his lesson?"—"To 'lessen' his work," replied the youngster.

◆

In the Paris Court of Correctional Police, recently, a lady, by no means young, advanced coquettishly to the witness stand to give her testimony. "What is your name?"—"Virginie Loustatot."—"What is your age?"—"Twenty-five." (Exclamations of incredulity from the audience.) The lady's evidence being taken, she regained her place, still coquettishly bridling, and the next witness was introduced. This one was a full-grown young man. "Your name?" said the judge.—"Isadore Loustatot."—"Your age?"—"Twenty-seven years."—"Are you a relative of the last witness?"—"I am her son."—"Ah, well!" murmured the magistrate, "your mother must have married *very* young."

◆

Dr. Parr at Whist.—Dr. Parr had a high opinion of his own skill at whist, and could not even patiently tolerate the want of it in his partner. Being engaged with a party in which he was unequally matched, he was asked by a lady how the fortune of the game turned, when he replied, "Pretty well, Madam, considering that I have three adversaries."

◆

"Father," said a lady of the new school to her indulgent spouse, as he resumed his pipe after supper one evening, "you must buy our dear Georgiana an English grammar and spelling-book; she has gone through her French, Latin, and Greek, music, drawing, and dancing, and now she must commence her English studies."

◆

An Ancestor of Gentle Blood.—At a time when Curran was called before his college board for wearing a dirty shirt, "I pleaded," said Curran, "inability to wear a clean one, and I told them the story of poor Lord Avonmore, who was at that time the plain, untitled, struggling Barry Yelverton. 'I wish, mother,' said Barry, 'I had eleven shirts.'—'Eleven, Barry? why eleven?'—'Because, mother, I am of opinion that a gentleman, to be comfortable, ought to have the dozen.' Poor Barry had but one, and I made the precedent my justification."

◆

"In what company is your life insured, Sir?" asked a sprightly young miss.

"In the Hope."

"I prefer the Alliance," said she, blushing.

"Then we'll make a joint-stock operation, if you choose," said the delighted old bachelor.

◆

Pleasant enough was the magnanimity of the person who, being reproached with not having avenged himself for a caning, said, "Sir, I never meddle with what passes behind my back."

◆

Musical Snuff-Boxes.—As musical snuff-boxes of Switzerland play airs that are copyright, the singular idea has been come to to prohibit them unless the author's rights are paid.

◆

In most quarrels, there is a fault on both sides. Both flint and steel are necessary to the production of a spark; either of them may hammer on wood for ever, and no fire will follow.

◆

A friend, in conversation with Rogers, said, "I never put my razor in hot water, as I find it injures the temper of the blade."—"No doubt of it," said the poet; "show me the blade that would not be out of temper, if plunged into hot water."

◆

"Here, John," said a gentleman to his servant on horseback in the rear, "come forward, and just take hold of my horse while I dismount, and after I am dismounted, John, you dismount too. Then, John, ungirth the saddle of your horse and put it down; then also ungirth the saddle of my horse and put it down. Afterward, John, take up the saddle of your horse, and put and girth it on my horse. Next, John, take up the saddle of my horse, and put and girth it on your horse. Then, John, I will seat myself in your saddle, and we will resume our journey."—"Bless me, master," said the astonished servant, "why couldn't you have simply said, Let's change saddles?"

◆

Love's sweetest meanings are unspoken. The full heart knows no rhetoric of words; it resorts to the pantomime of sighs and glances.

◆

Joseph the Second of Austria was fond of traveling incognito, and one day he reached a little inn on his route before his retinue came up. Entering a retiring room he began shaving himself. The inquisitorial landlord was anxious to know what post his guest held about the person of the Emperor. "I shave him sometimes," was his majesty's reply.

◆

The best government is that which teaches a man to govern himself; the next best, that which teaches him how to govern his family; the third, that which teaches him to govern a community.

◆

When Voltaire was on his death-bed, many visitors called —all of whom were denied entrance to his chamber. Among them was the Abbé Chapeau, who came to offer the consolations of the Church. When his name was announced by the servant, Voltaire said, "I came into the world *bareheaded*, and I shall leave it without a *chapeau!*"

◆

A Spanish proverb says: "Jews ruin themselves at their Passover, Moors at their marriages, and Christians in their lawsuits."

◆

One day, at a farm-house, a wag saw an old gobler trying to eat the strings of some nightcaps that lay on the ground to bleach. "That," said he, "is what I call introducing cotton into Turkey."

◆

A gentleman was threatening to beat a dog who barked intolerably. "Why," exclaimed a by-stander, "would you beat that poor dumb animal for speaking out?"

◆

"I say, Bill," asked an insulting fellow, "why is your hat like a giblet-pie?" "Give it up." "Why, because there's a goose's head in it."

◆

Nothing is so fragile as thought in its infancy—an interruption breaks it; nothing is so powerful, even to the overturning of mighty empires, when it reaches maturity.

◆

A False-Hood.—On being shown a portrait of himself, very unlike the original, Hood said that the artist had perpetrated a false-Hood.

◆

Mr. A——, upon entering a certain book-shop, inquired of a young man in attendance if he had "Goldsmith's Greece" to sell. "No, but we have some mighty good hair-oil," was the reply.

◆

"Why did you retreat in the face of the enemy?" "You see, Sir, I have got a retreating nose, and of course I have to follow it."

◆

It is a law among the Japanese that he who lends them cash in this world will receive in the next world the capital and ten per cent. at simple interest.

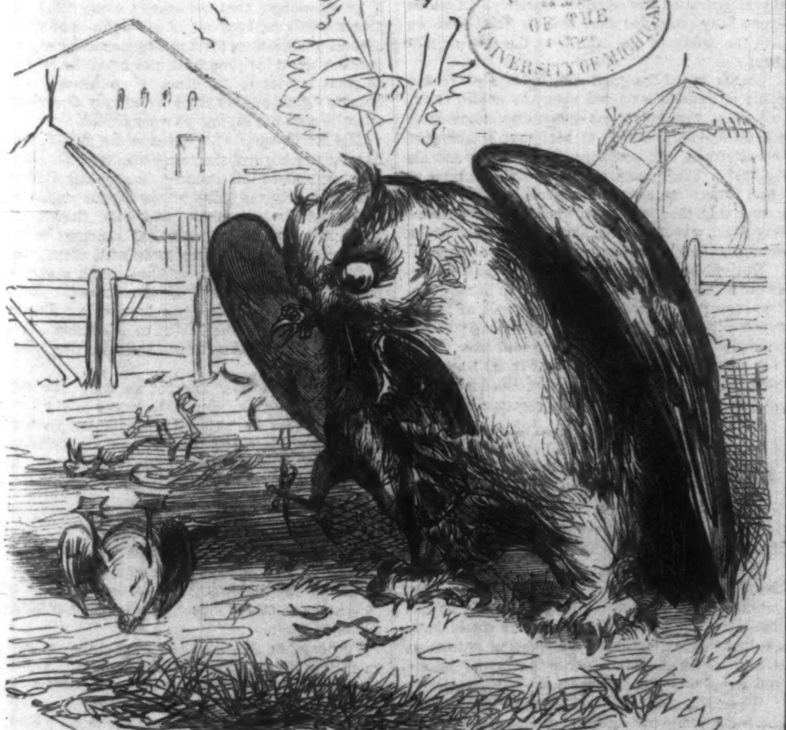
◆

When the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, and her sister, Lady Duncannon, canvassed the electors of Westminster in behalf of Fox, in 1784, it was wittily said, "Never did two such lovely portraits appear on canvass."

◆

Of what nation are all stocking-menders?—Dar-nation.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



THE COCK AND THE OWL.—(A FABLE FOR THE TIMES.)

An Irishman living in Ohio once challenged a Western man to fight roosters. The birds were brought out, and Pat's was pretty soon knocked off his pins. The Irishman concluded that his rooster's unsteadiness on his legs arose from the narrowness of his feet; and purchasing a duck, with webbed feet, challenged the Western man again. Again the Buckeye fowl won the day, and with ease. Pat then said he had a bird at home that would beat the Western game-cock, and offered to double the bets, provided the birds were not allowed to see each other till the fight began. The money put up, on the day fixed our friend Buckeye produced his rooster in splendid fighting condition. Pat brought out an old heavy chicken-owl, who was of course blinded by the light, and stood winking and stupidly twisting his head. The game-cock instantly flew at him, and drew blood. The owl winked, and looked stupider than ever. Again the rooster dashed in, and made a furrow in the owl's cheek. Again the owl winked, and twisted his neck about, apparently trying to understand the matter. A third time the game-cock flew at him, and slashed vigorously with beak and spur. Just at that moment the owl happening to get the corner of one eye open enough to see his little antagonist, he grinned, stretched forth one claw, caught the game-cock by the neck, and ate him up on the spot.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SAFETY OF WASHINGTON.

Washington is safe. Over 12,000 troops have arrived at Annapolis from the North, including the New York 6th, 7th, 12th, 13th, 25th, 28th, and 71st Regiments; and it is stated that no more volunteers will be ordered unless they are fully equipped for service. It would appear that the preparations to receive the troops at Annapolis were very imperfect, and had not the weather been very mild, they would have suffered much. As it was, a thousand of them had to sleep in the open air on Friday night, and although there is abundance of provisions the commissariat was so badly managed that some of the troops were without food for twenty-four hours.

THE VIRGINIA ORDINANCE OF SECESSION.

This ordinance has been published, and reads as follows:

THE SECESSION ORDINANCE.

AN ORDINANCE TO REPEAL THE RATIFICATION OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE STATE OF VIRGINIA, AND TO RESUME ALL THE RIGHTS AND POWERS GRANTED UNDER SAID CONSTITUTION.

The people of Virginia, in their ratification of the Constitution of the United States of America, adopted by them in Convention on the twenty-fifth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight, having declared that the powers granted under the said Constitution were derived from the people of the United States, and might be resumed whensoever the same should be perverted to their injury and oppression; and the Federal Government, having perverted said powers, not only to the injury of the people of Virginia, but to the oppression of the Southern Slaveholding States.

Now, therefore, we, the people of Virginia, do declare and ordain that the ordinance adopted by the people of this State in Convention, on the twenty-fifth day of June, eighty-eight, whereby the Constitution of the United States of America was ratified, and all acts of the General Assembly of this State, ratifying or adopting amendments to said Constitution, are hereby repealed and abrogated; that the Union between the State of Virginia and the other States under the Constitution aforesaid, is hereby dissolved, and that the State of Virginia is in the full possession and exercise of all the rights of sovereignty which belong and appertain to a free and independent State. And they do further declare that the said Constitution of the United States of America is no longer binding on any of the citizens of this State.

This ordinance shall take effect and be an act of this day when ratified by a majority of the votes of the people of this State, cast at a poll to be taken thereon on the fourth Thursday in May next, in pursuance of a schedule to be hereafter enacted.

Done in Convention, in the city of Richmond, on the 17th day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, and in the eighty-fifth year of the Commonwealth of Virginia.

Jno. L. Eubank, Secretary of Convention.

VIRGINIA ENTERS THE JEFF DAVIS EMPIRE.

The following ordinance has also appeared:

AN ORDINANCE FOR THE ADOPTION OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA.

We, the delegates of the people of Virginia, in Convention assembled, solemnly impressed by the perils which surround the Commonwealth, and appealing to the searcher of hearts for the rectitude of our intentions in assuming the grave responsibility of this act, do, by this ordinance, adopt and ratify the Constitution of the Provisional Government of the Confederate States of America, ordained and established at Montgomery, Alabama, on the eighth day of February, eighteen hundred and sixty-one; provided that this ordinance shall cease to have any legal operation or effect, if the people of this Commonwealth, upon the vote directed to be taken on the ordinance of secession passed by this Convention, on the 17th day of April, eighteen hundred and sixty-one, shall reject the same.

A true copy.
Jno. L. Eubank, *Secretary.*

A treaty, offensive and defensive, between the Confederate States has also been made and published.

ANOTHER PROCLAMATION FROM THE PRESIDENT.

The following proclamation followed the secession of Virginia:

By the President of the United States of America.

Whereas, for the reasons assigned in my proclamation of the 19th instant, a blockade of the ports of the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Texas was ordered to be established; and whereas, since that date public property of the United States has been seized, the collection of the revenue obstructed, and duly commissioned officers of the United States, while engaged in executing the orders of their superiors, have been arrested and held in custody as prisoners, or have been impeded in the discharge of their official duties, without due legal process, by persons claiming to act under authority of the States of Virginia and North Carolina. An efficient blockade of the ports of these States will therefore also be established.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this 27th day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, and of the independence of the United States the eighty-fifth.

Abraham Lincoln.

By the President.

William H. Seward, Secretary of State.

MORE MEN CALLED OUT.

That the Government is resolved to carry on the war vigorously and to the bitter end, is evident from the fact that it has just decided to receive, besides the 75,000 volunteers called for, 40,000 men to serve for three years, 25,000 for five years, and 13,000 out of the regular army to serve for five years, besides enrolling 18,000 sailors for the navy. An additional call has been made upon Pennsylvania for twenty regiments of infantry and one of cavalry, all of which have already been tendered to the Governor for the service of the United States Government.

MARYLAND COMING TO HER SENSES.

Dispatches state that the Maryland Legislature, now in session at Frederick, decided, on 29th, not to call a convention of the people on the question of secession, by a vote of 53 yeas to 13 nays, and also resolved that the troops of the United States Government shall be permitted to pass through the State. A great change in public sentiment is reported to have occurred in Baltimore, which has been manifested by an extensive display of the Stars and Stripes in all quarters of the city.

THE MARCH ON WASHINGTON.

A gentleman, who has just arrived at Philadelphia, from Wilmington, North Carolina, having left there on Friday, and who was at Richmond on Saturday, states that the people of North Carolina were all up in arms, and were preparing to come North with several thousand troops for the purpose, as Governor Ellis informed him, of making an attack upon Washington. The day that he left Governor Ellis showed him a dispatch, which he had just received from Montgomery, stating that some five thousand troops were on their way to join those of North Carolina, which were about to leave for Richmond, and that it was the purpose of the Confederate government to make an attack without a moment's delay; that if they were to attack it, it must be done before the Federal Government had concentrated a large force at Washington.

FEDERAL PROPERTY SEIZED IN NORTH CAROLINA.

General Ransom, who has recently left North Carolina, reports that every Federal post in that State has been taken. At Fayetteville Arsenal seventy thousand stand of arms were captured, including twenty-eight thousand of the most approved pattern.

THE FIRST HERO OF THE WAR.

The *Times* says: "General Butler, by the efficient manner in which he is conducting affairs at and near Annapolis, and between that point and Washington, is fast establishing an enviable reputation for efficiency. The railroad is now fully in possession of the troops under his command, and the rails will not be allowed to be removed with impunity. The Superintendent of the road was on Friday arrested for attempting it."

A STEAMER CUT OUT BY THE BOSTON BOYS.

On Saturday night the Tenth Company of the Eighth Massachusetts regiment, in a steam-tug, cut out the receiving ship *Allegheny* in Baltimore harbor, and placed her under the guns of Fort M'Henry.

A NEW ARSENAL IN LIEU OF HARPER'S FERRY.

The Government has decided to establish an arsenal at once at Rock Island City, Illinois, in place of the Harper's Ferry Arsenal just destroyed. Rock Island City stands on the banks of the Mississippi, 182 miles southwest of Chicago. It is situated at the foot of the Upper Rapids, which extend nearly fifteen miles, and in low stages of water obstruct the passage of vessels drawing a heavy draft.

GENERAL CASS ON THE WAR.

At a meeting at Detroit the other day, General Cass presided, and said: "You need no one to tell you what are the dangers of your country, nor what are your duties to meet and avert them. There is but one path for every true man to travel, and that is broad and plain. It will conduct us, not, indeed, without trials and sufferings, to peace and to the restoration of the Union. He who is not for his country is against her. There is no neutral position to be occupied. It is the duty of all zealously to support the government in its efforts to bring this unhappy civil war to a speedy and satisfactory conclusion, by the restoration, in its integrity, of that great charter of freedom bequeathed to us by Washington and his compatriots."

PERSONAL.

General Harney, it is reported, has been released from arrest by order of General Lee, the commander of the Virginia forces.

A proposition to act as arbitrators in the quarrel between the North and South has been made by Mr. C. J. Ingersoll, of Philadelphia, to the five ex-presidents—Buchanan, Pierce, Fillmore, Tyler, and Van Buren.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

BRITISH SYMPATHIZERS WITH REBELLION.

In the House of Commons, on the 16th ult., Mr. Gregory gave notice that he should defer his proposed motion for a speedy recognition of the Southern Confederacy for two weeks.

ITALY.

GARIBALDI IN PARLIAMENT.

Garibaldi had taken his seat in the Italian Parliament, and business was temporarily suspended by applause.

The action of the Ministry in disbanding the Southern army and the measures taken for its reorganization were debated. Garibaldi made a speech so violent that it excited tumult in the Chamber. He made offensive allusions to the Ministry, against which Count Cavour protested. The President of the Chamber put on his hat, and sitting was suspended for a brief interval. Garibaldi, in resuming, spoke with more moderation. He defended his comrades in arms, and said the formation of three divisions of volunteers, as decreed, was not sufficient for the national armament.

General Bixio made a conciliatory speech.

Count Cavour said he accepted the mode of conciliation.

Garibaldi explained the several facts alluded to by Count Cavour, and expressed his belief that Count Cavour loved Italy. He designated the French army as the enemy of Italy, because it occupied Rome.

On the 19th Garibaldi was again received in the Chamber with loud applause.

A discussion took place on the organization of the Ministry.

RUSSIA.

MORE DISTURBANCES.

The disturbances in Russia are spreading fast. In Kiew, the capital of the district once bearing the distinctive name of the Ukraine, a funeral service was celebrated on the 14th ult. for the Warsaw victims, which led to a most serious disturbance and slaughter. A bloody conflict is stated to have taken place between the inhabitants and the Russian troops. A telegraphic dispatch states that the number of persons killed and wounded amounted to one hundred and fifty.

JAVA.

DESTRUCTIVE FLOOD.

Particulars are published of a destructive flood which occurred on the Island of Java, between the 22d and 26th of February. Upward of 2000 people are reported as drowned and an immense amount of property destroyed.

OUR WAR ILLUSTRATIONS.

We continue in this number the series of illustrations of the pending War which have formed so conspicuous a feature in *Harper's Weekly* for some months back.

Mr. Strother has sent us some sketches of the Harper's Ferry affair. On page 292 we give a picture of the Gathering of the Virginians for the attack on the Arsenal: and on the following page the Approach, and the Burning of the Work-shops. The following account is the

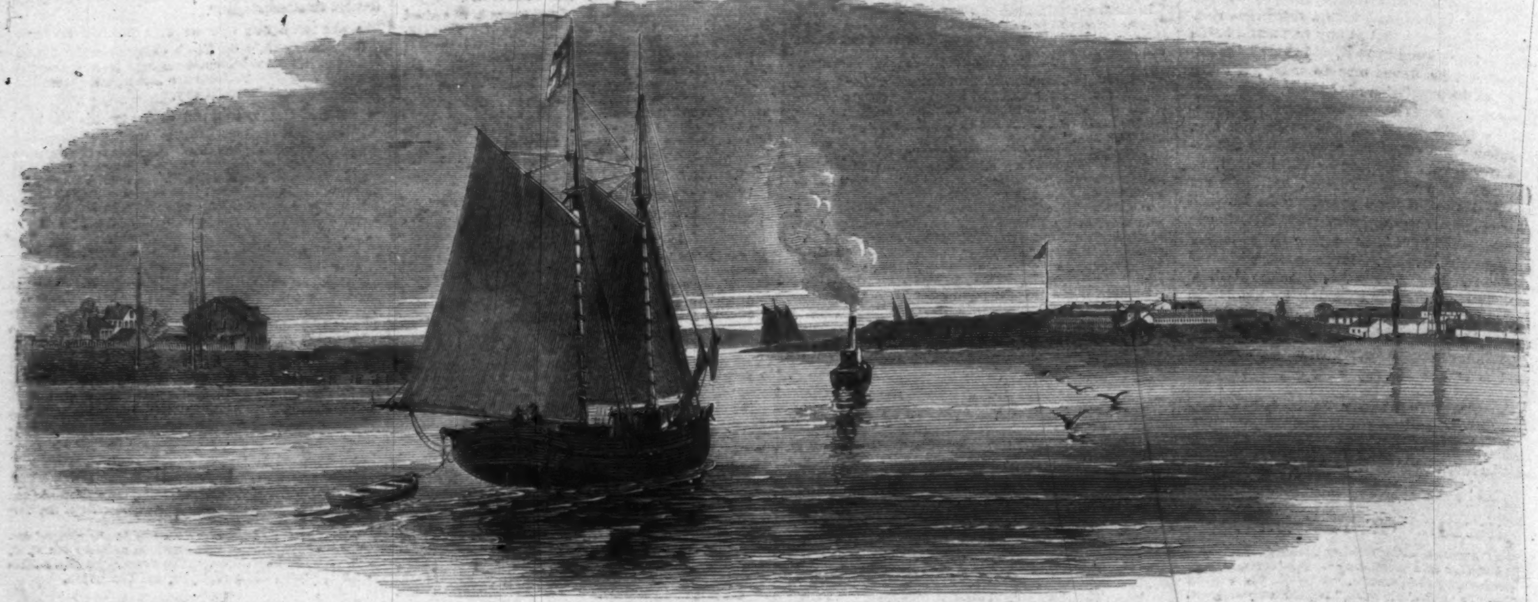
NARRATIVE OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

Harper's Ferry, which, eighteen months ago, was the centre of public interest, has again become the scene of historic events of more immediate political importance, but fortunately not of so tragic a character as those of October, 1859.

On Thursday, the 18th instant, private orders were brought from the authorities at Richmond commanding the seizure of the arms and public works at Harper's Ferry. Immediately on receiving the notice the Jefferson Battalion assembled at Charlestown, the county seat, and marched to the appointed rendezvous at Halltown, a small village situated midway between the Court House and Harper's Ferry, and about four miles from either point. Some three thousand men had been notified of the movement; but owing to the suddenness of the summons, and doubt as to its authenticity, only two hundred and fifty were on the ground by eight o'clock in the evening. As prompt action was deemed more important than numbers, Colonel Allen, who commanded the Jefferson troops, gave the order to march as soon as it was quite dark. The Infantry moved down the road in close column, followed by one piece of artillery and a squad of the Faquier Cavalry, led by Captain Ashby, numbering about twenty horses.

The troops marched in silence, and about a mile from the starting-point the column was challenged by sentries posted in the road. They halted, loaded with ball-cartridge, and advanced with fixed bayonets until they reached the brow of the hill overlooking the town and at the outskirts of the village of Bolivar. Here the advance was again challenged, and the column halted. As these sentries were known to be employés of the armories, and as it was thought probable from the temper manifested during the day that the whole body of workmen had united with the Government troops, thus giving them four hundred effective men, with full preparation and choice of position, it was thought proper to send a flag into the town to ascertain how matters stood. An influential gentleman accompanying the troops offered his services to execute this delicate duty, and to dissuade the citizens, if possible, from taking part in the contest. From after-knowledge it was ascertained that this precaution was unnecessary, as the mass of the inhabitants were loyal to soil where they lived, and such as might have entertained different sentiments were silenced by the reports of the imposing force which was supposed to be at hand.

While the Virginia officers were in consultation there



VIEW OF FORT McHENRY, BALTIMORE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. H. WEAVER.

[SEE PAGE 293.]

was seen in the direction of the armory a flash, accompanied by a report like the discharge of a cannon, followed by a number of other flashes in quick succession, and then the sky and surrounding mountains were lighted with the steady glare of ascending flames. Captain Ashby, with his squad, immediately rode down into the town, and in a short time returned with the report that the troops had fired the public buildings and retreated across the Potomac bridge, taking the mountain road toward Carlisle Barracks in Pennsylvania.

On our way down we met a long line of men, women, and boys, carrying loads of muskets, bayonets, and other military equipments. The streets at the confluence of the two rivers were brilliantly illuminated by the flames from the Old Arsenal, which burned like a furnace. The inclosure around these buildings was covered with splintered glass, which had been blown out by the explosion of the powder train. A few arm-boxes, open and empty, lay near the entrance; but nearly all the muskets in this building, fifteen thousand as stated, were destroyed.

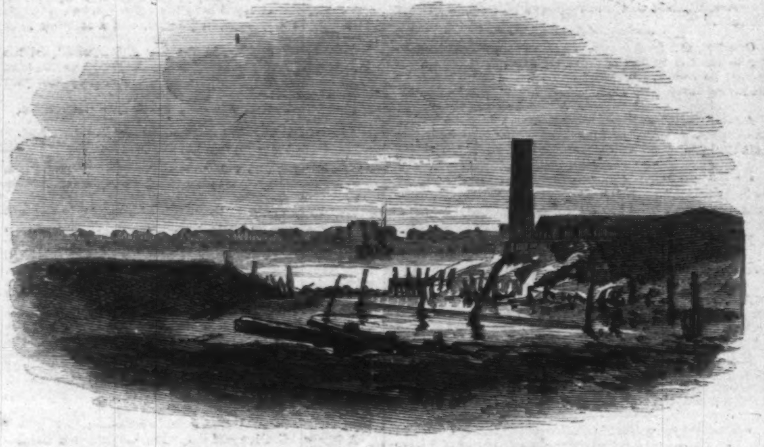
Of the Armory buildings on Potomac Street one large work-shop was in a light blaze, and two others on fire. Alarmed by the first explosions, the citizens hesitated to approach the work-shops, and warned the Virginia troops not to do so, supposing them to be mined; but presently becoming reassured on that subject, they went to work with the engines, extinguished some of the fires, and prevented its extension to the town and railroad bridges.

The total destruction of property, therefore, is confined to the old Arsenal, with its contents; the carpenter's-shop on Potomac Street totally destroyed; with slight injury to the stock-turner's shop. All the remaining shops on Potomac Street, with their fine machinery, and all the establishment on the Shenandoah, known as Hall's Rifle-works, are uninjured and complete. There were saved, also—complete and nearly completed—about two thousand first-class Minié muskets in the shops and packing-rooms, together with a quantity of material, iron and wood, in progress of manufacture. I have been informed that a room full of packed arms, numbering five or six thousand, has been discovered since by the troops in occupation.

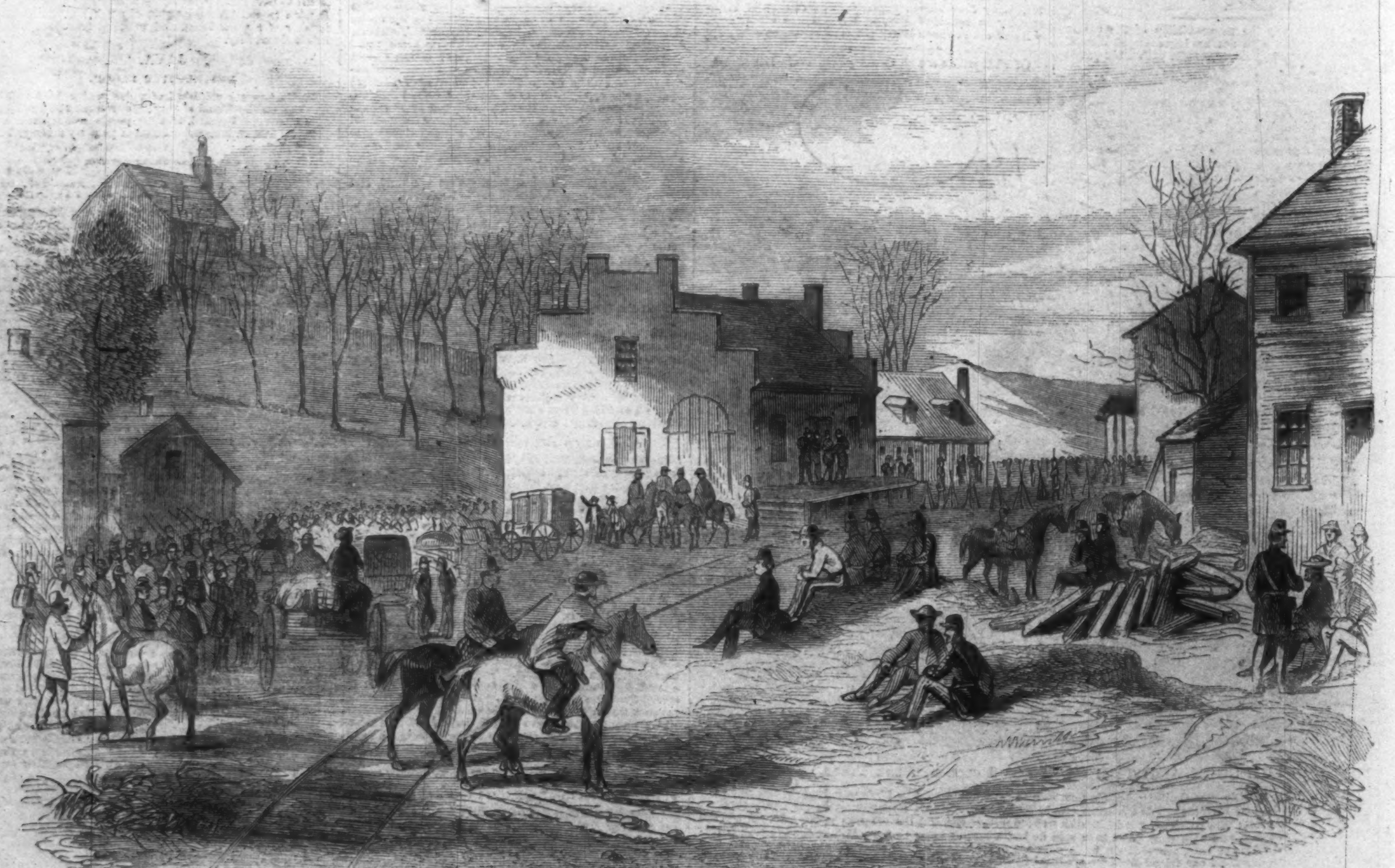
There were very few persons about the streets, and comparatively little excitement manifested during the conflagration. Those seen were chiefly engaged in extinguishing the fire and removing arms and provisions from the adjacent buildings. Some savage temper was manifested against the Government which gave, and the officer who executed the order for destruction; and some of the citizens talked of organizing parties to pursue the retreating troops, but the more considerate advised against it. I do not believe that any pursuit was undertaken, for soon after Lieutenant Jones left several deserters from his party returned to the town and reported no firing; and it is to be hoped that he was mistaken in supposing his missing men to be killed.

Indeed, up to the date of the burning the best feeling existed between the soldiers and the people; and even after that event, all better-thinking people exculpated the instruments of the devastation, and threw the responsibility where it properly belonged.

The estimate of the force advancing upon the town was based upon information given as to the numbers expected, and the report of videttes, who, in the darkness, could not tell the weight of the column, or possibly thought it only the avant-guard of a larger force. The attacking party was only two hundred and fifty strong. The conduct of the Virginians throughout was quiet and determined, there being no exhibition of vindictiveness, triumph, or excitement of any kind.

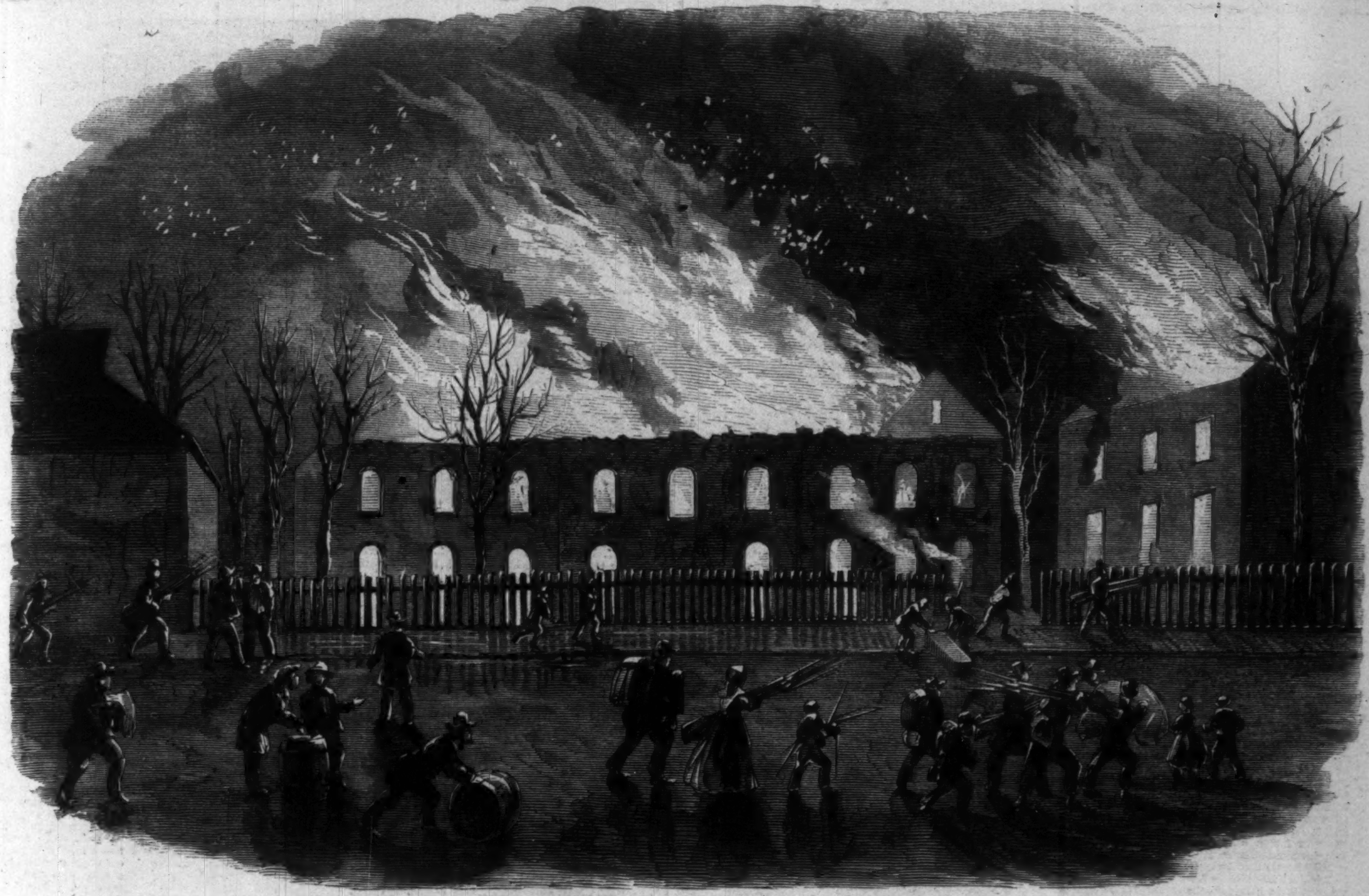


THE BURNING OF THE BRIDGE AT CANTON, MARYLAND, BY THE MOB.—[SEE PAGE 293.]



THE RENDEZVOUS OF THE VIRGINIANS AT HALLTOWN, VIRGINIA, 5 P.M. ON APRIL 18, 1861, TO MARCH ON HARPER'S FERRY.

[SKETCHED BY D. H. STROTHER.]



THE BURNING OF THE UNITED STATES ARSENAL AT HARPER'S FERRY, 10 P.M. APRIL 18, 1861.—[SKETCHED BY D. H. STROTHER.]

The movement was regarded as a military necessity, and as such executed. To many of us who looked on, the scenes of that night were inexpressibly sad and solemn. The clouds of fire rolled up magnificently from the depths of the romantic gorge, illuminating the confluent rivers and the encircling cliffs for miles around, each rock and pinnacle associated with the name of some one of our great historic founders. In the martial column revealed by the blaze there stood arrayed, with deadly ball and bayonet, the first-born pride of a hundred hitherto peaceful and happy families. In the town below, between them and their enemy, were neighbors, friends, and fellow-citizens—the enemies themselves our late patented defenders and countrymen.

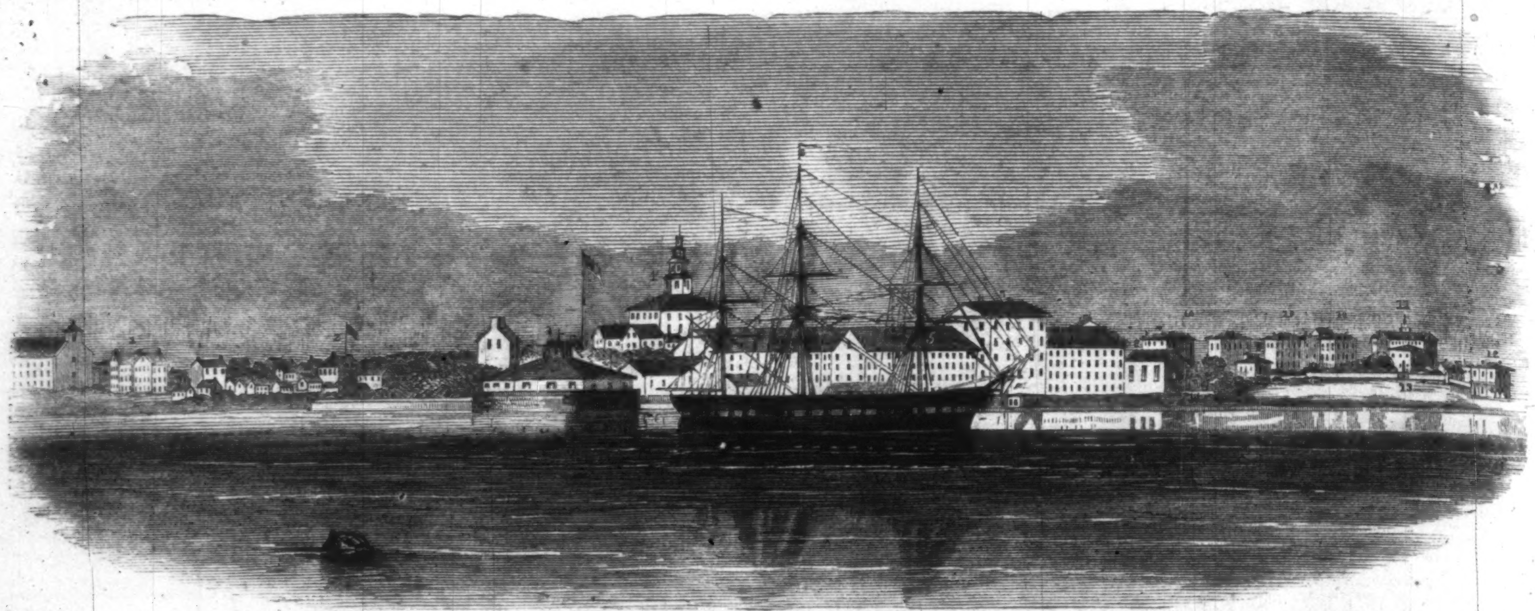
Brethren, what has forced this fatal necessity upon us?

"As the smoke and vapor of a furnace goeth before the fire, so reviling before blood." D. H. S.

We also publish a view of FORT M'HENRY, at Baltimore. This fort is held by the United States, and in the event of a fight at Baltimore would probably shell the city. It stands at the extremity of a tongue of land near the geographical centre of the city. In the war of 1812 it was bombarded by the British fleet, without success. It was of this bombardment that the famous song "The Star Spangled Banner" was written.

The small cut on the opposite page exhibits the burning of the bridge at Canton by the Baltimore mob. Both of these pictures are from photographs by W. H. Weaver, of Baltimore.

THE MARCH OF THE VIRGINIANS ON HARPER'S FERRY, 9.30 P.M. APRIL 18, 1861.—[SKETCHED BY D. H. STROTHER.]



REFERENCES.—1. Catholic College.—2. City Hotel.—3. Battery.—4. Capitol.—5. Midshipmen's Quarters.—6. *Constitution.*—7. Recitation Hall.—8. Chapel.—9. Observatory.—10. Officers' Quarters.—11. St. John's (Episcopal) College.—12. Hospital.—13. Monument—the same that was in front of the Capitol at Washington.—14. Naval Monument.

GENERAL VIEW OF ANNAPOLIS, WITH THE "CONSTITUTION" IN THE FOREGROUND.

OUR WAR PICTURES.

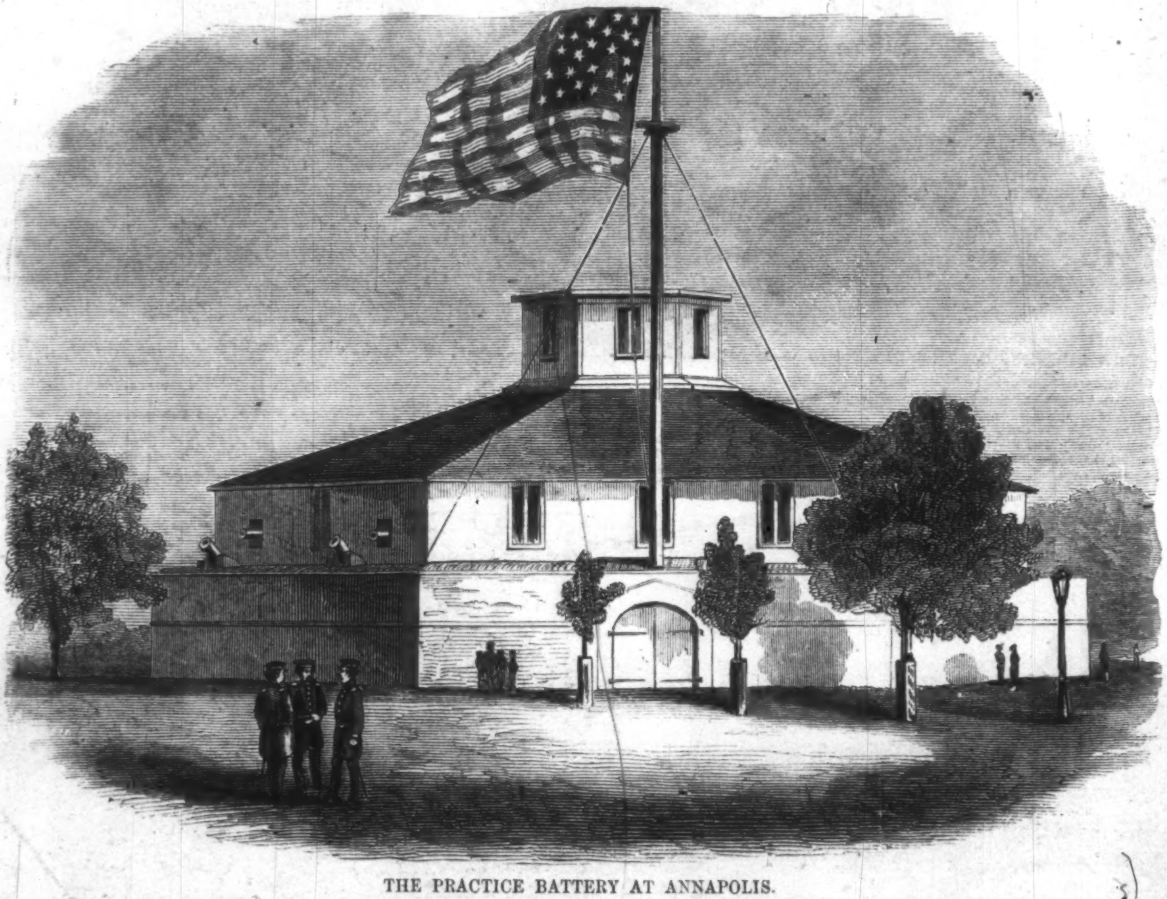
WE publish herewith a series of views of Annapolis, from sketches made by one of our artists who is now traveling for us through the South. Our illustrations consist of, 1. A GENERAL VIEW OF ANNAPOLIS; 2. THE PRACTICE BATTERY; 3. TARGET PRACTICE THEREFROM; 4. THE NAVAL MONUMENT IN THE SCHOOL GROUNDS; and, 5. THE MIDDIES LEARNING THE ROPES ON BOARD THE "CONSTITUTION." Every body knows that Annapolis is to the United States Navy what West Point is to the Army—the great training school from whence our gallant navy officers are sent forth to fight the battles of their country.

Our own Seventh, and the other Volunteers sent forward from Boston, New York, and elsewhere for the defense of Washington, all landed at Annapolis last week. A letter from a member of the Seventh thus describes the landing:

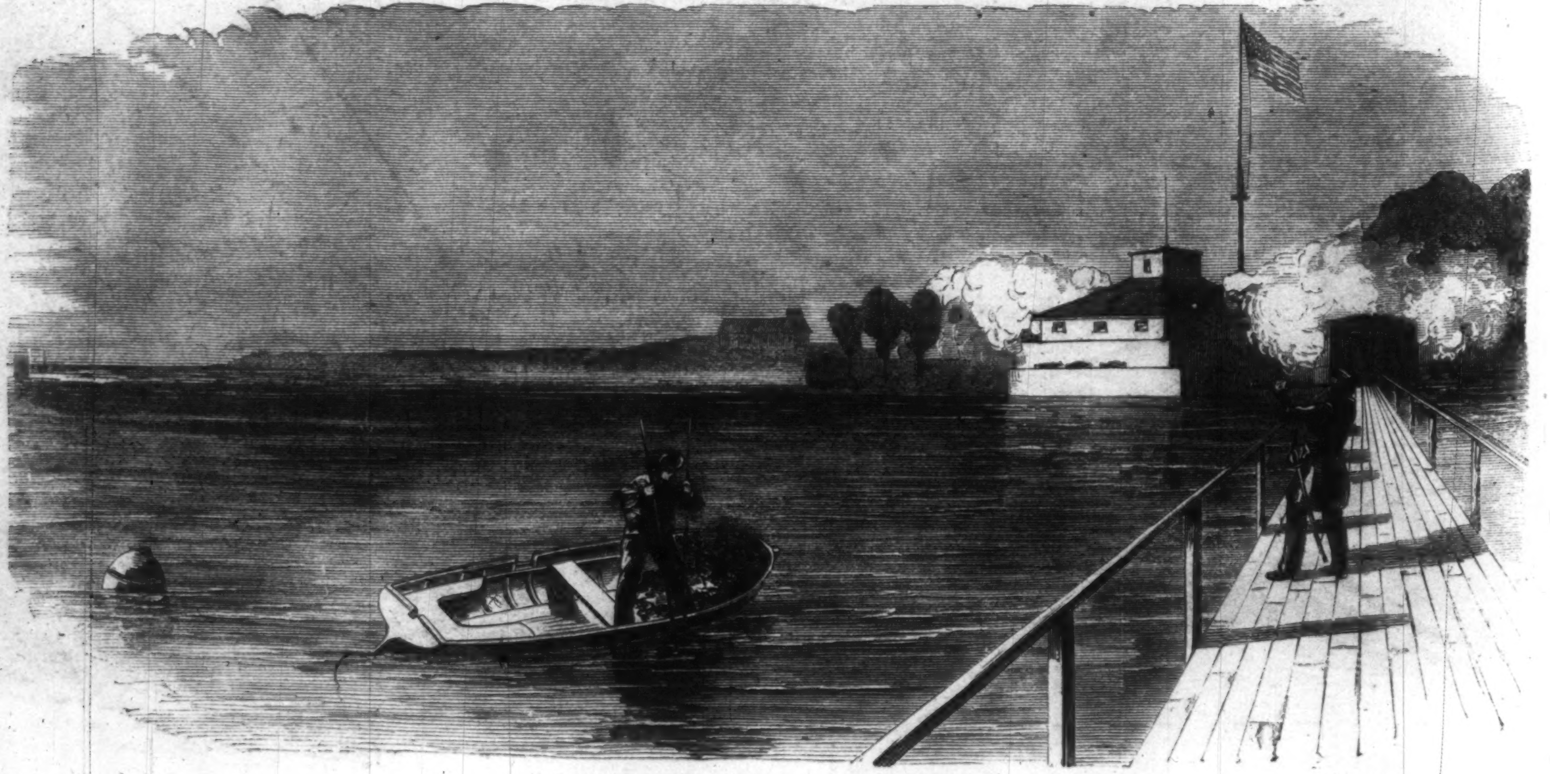
"At 4 o'clock P.M. of Monday, April 22, the Seventh Regiment first landed in a hostile State on a military errand, and was disembarked at the dock of the Naval School at Annapolis. The men marched ashore by companies in good order, and formed in regimental line on the beautiful parade-ground in the rear of the Naval-school buildings.

"These grounds and views compose one of the most lovely spots that ever was beheld by mortal eye. The Severn River and the broad bay present a constant panorama of ships and boats; the distant shores are green and beautiful, with groves of forest trees; the buildings of the yard are shell-contrived and imposing in appearance; from the orchards and gardens on every side floated the delicious fragrance of peach and plum blossoms, there being now thousands of these trees in full bloom. At irregular intervals about the grounds were haycocks, lying as the mowers had left them a few hours before; and the enchanting odor of new-mown hay added still another charm to the scene. Tired soldiers, just from the cramped discomforts and foul smells of a three-days' sea-voyage in an overcrowded boat, could never have had a more welcome sight or one of greater beauty. After a short inspection, the men were given leave to rest, when they stretched themselves on the bright green grass, or tumbled in the new hay, in a perfect glory of delicious luxury. Under some trees, where every gentle breeze covered them with the pink fragrant peach blossoms, the howitzers were drawn up, loaded to the muzzle with cannister shot. To have fired those cannon the gunner must have stood up to his knees in new-mown clover, and have brushed away the flowers from the piece before he could apply the match."

On pages 296 and 297 we publish two fine illustrations of the burning of the NORFOLK NAVY-YARD BY THE UNITED STATES TROOPS, under orders from Washington. The following description of the event has been published: "On Saturday evening, at nine o'clock, the *Pawnee* arrived from Washington with 200 volunteers and 100 marines, besides her own crew, and at once the officers and crew of the *Pawnee* and *Cumberland* went to the Navy-yard and spiked and disabled the guns, and threw the shot and small-arms into the river. At ten



THE PRACTICE BATTERY AT ANNAPOLIS.



TARGET PRACTICE FROM THE NAVAL BATTERY.

o'clock the marines, who had been quartered in the barracks, fired them, and came on board the *Pawnee*. This movement was premature, for it was the intention to fire all the buildings simultaneously. A party of officers, meantime, were going through the different buildings and ships, distributing waste and turpentine, and laying a train so as to blow up the Dry Dock. They were engaged in this work until two o'clock, when the train was fired. At three o'clock the *Yankee*, to the Captain of which, Charles Germain, much credit is due, came along and took the *Cumberland* in tow, the *Pawnee* taking the lead. All the vessels beat to quarters, the guns were manned, and every thing was in readiness to carry out the threat of Commodore M'Auley, that if a gun was fired from either shore he would level both Portsmouth and Norfolk. At this time the scene was indescribably magnificent, all the buildings being in a blaze, and explosions here and there scattering the cinders in all directions.

"The *Yankee* left the yard with the *Cumberland* in tow about three o'clock. The fleet proceeded down the river until nine o'clock, when it came to anchor within a mile of the point where wrecks were known to have been sunk for the purpose of obstructing the navigation. Boats were sent out to take soundings in order to ascertain whether some other passage than the regular channel could not be found. All efforts proved unsuccessful, so the fleet raised anchor and forced their way directly through the wrecks. The *Cumberland* caught one of the sunken vessels and carried it along with her, and apprehensions were at first entertained that she might be carried on to Sewell's Point, where it was supposed that the rebels had erected batteries. Meantime the *Keystone State* came up from Washington with marines, and by her help and that of the *Yankee*, the *Cumberland* was towed into deep water and the wreck was disentangled. She then went up under protection of the guns of Fort Monroe and came to anchor. While the vessels lay there, four men, who had been employed in the Navy-yard, succeeded in making their way down the river, and reported that they left every thing in flames, and the smoke and flames could easily be seen from the *Cumberland*. The rebels, too, they reported were fearful of attempting to arrest the flames, because they apprehended that a train was laid to blow up the buildings."

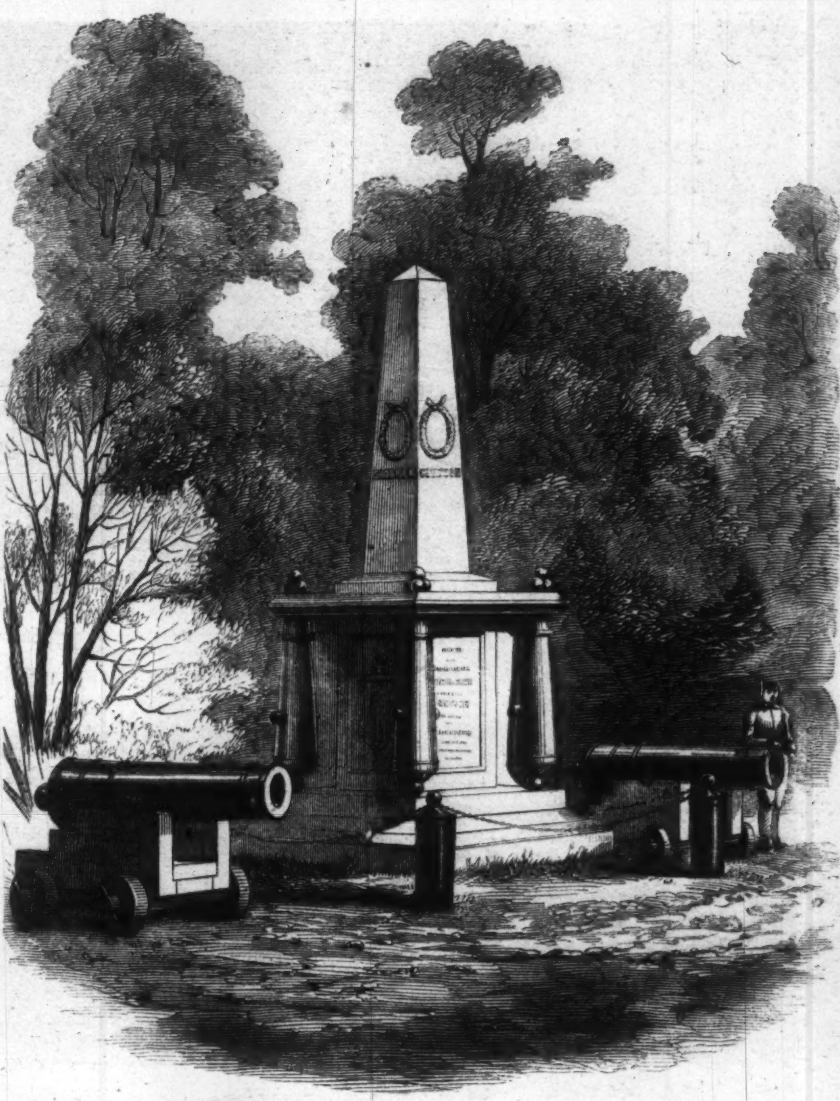
On page 298 we illustrate the Departure of the Thirteenth and Sixty-ninth Regiments from New York. They left on Tuesday 23d, the 13th in the *Marion*, the 69th in the *James Adger*, and arrived safely at Annapolis. The 13th consists of Brooklyn boys, and is one of the finest Regiments in the service. The 69th is Colonel Corcoran's Irish Regiment, the same which refused to turn out in honor of the Prince of Wales. It is now very earnest in supporting the Government, and might have been four thousand strong if uniforms and arms could have been supplied. Both of these Regiments will do good service

On page 299 we illustrate the new Temporary Barracks which have just been erected on the Park at New York, and the Encampment on the Battery. In the sheds on the Park six thousand men can be fed. The Battery Encampment contains at the present time some two thousand five hundred men.

On page 300 we illustrate the Earth-works which were thrown up to protect the Arsenal at St. Louis before the Arms were removed from thence by the Illinois Troops. The United States officer who sent us the sketches likewise kindly supplied us with the following account:

"The United States Arsenal at St. Louis is an arsenal of repairs and alterations, large quantities of arms being annually sent there from the Government dépôts, and also from the several States to be placed in a proper condition for service. Here, also, is manufactured and put up most of the fixed ammunition used in our service.

"The Arsenal is defended by about four hundred and forty troops, Artillery and Infantry, under the command of Captain W. Lyon, 2d Infantry."



THE NAVAL MONUMENT IN THE GROUNDS OF THE NAVAL SCHOOL AT ANNAPOLIS.

On page 304 we publish two illustrations of the Volunteers on their way to Washington—one representing the Seventh on board the *Boston*, en route for Annapolis, the other the repairing of a bridge on the road to the Junction by the Eighth Massachusetts Regiment. Both of these were from sketches of our special artist with the Seventh Regiment. The three boys carrying a United States flag who are shown in the latter picture were Maryland boys, who met the troops on their way and begged to be allowed to enlist. The *Herald* correspondent tells the following stories of the labors of the Eighth Massachusetts men on the way:

"At four A.M. on Wednesday, Company 2, Captain Clark, and Company 6, Captain Nevins, forming the advance-guard, marched to the railway station, where they found an engine and two or three passenger cars, ready to start. This was the work of the Massachusetts regiment, with General Butler, who had found the engine dismantled. 'Who knows how to make an engine?' asked General Butler. Six practical machinists stepped from the ranks, but one claimed the privilege of making repairs. 'I made that engine,' said he, and pointed out his private mark.

"The Sixth and Second companies were unable to proceed in the cars more than three or four miles, because the rails were torn up. Then commenced the march. Scouts and skirmishers were thrown out in front and on each side. Rails torn from switches at Annapolis, too short for use, and having to be pieced out with joists of timber, replaced the missing rails, excepting where they could be found in the bushes beside the track. The rails and timber we recarried on baggage cars, which were pushed by the men. On the front car was a howitzer, with guards and gunners. All day they marched, mending the track wherever it needed mending.

"About sunset they reached the remains of the bridge near Millersville, twenty feet high and sixteen feet long, which had been burned, and the engineer corps of the Regiment, assisted by the Massachusetts men, who had done good service throughout the day in repairing the track, rebuilt the bridge and relaid the rails, so that after a heavy shower, which wet the men through, they were enabled to proceed. After nightfall the march continued, through swamps and mist, out of which chill blasts came. Company 6 had been ordered to roll up its over-coats, and had only blankets. Occasional rails had to be replaced. The baggage cars were still to be pushed on by men who had no sleep for twenty-four hours, and who had experienced unusual heat and unusual chillness by turns for twenty hours."

FORT SUMTER.

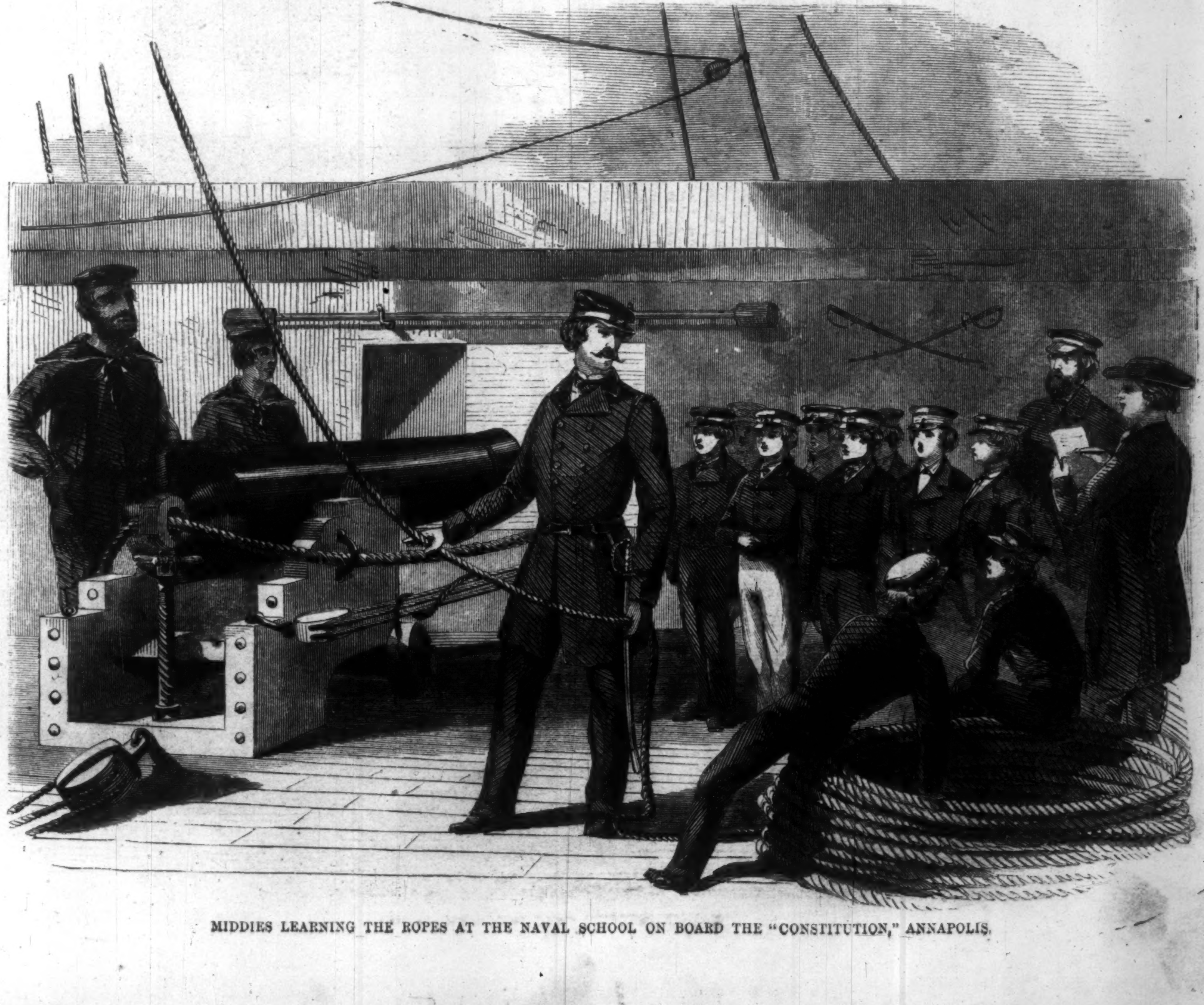
AN IMPROMPTU, BY A VIRGINIAN LADY STILL IN THE UNION.

Loud be the note of triumph rung,
Forgot the battles Homer sung;
Let all men under heaven see
What Southern chivalry hath done:
The day that saw Fort Sumter won,
Seven thousand conquered seventy!

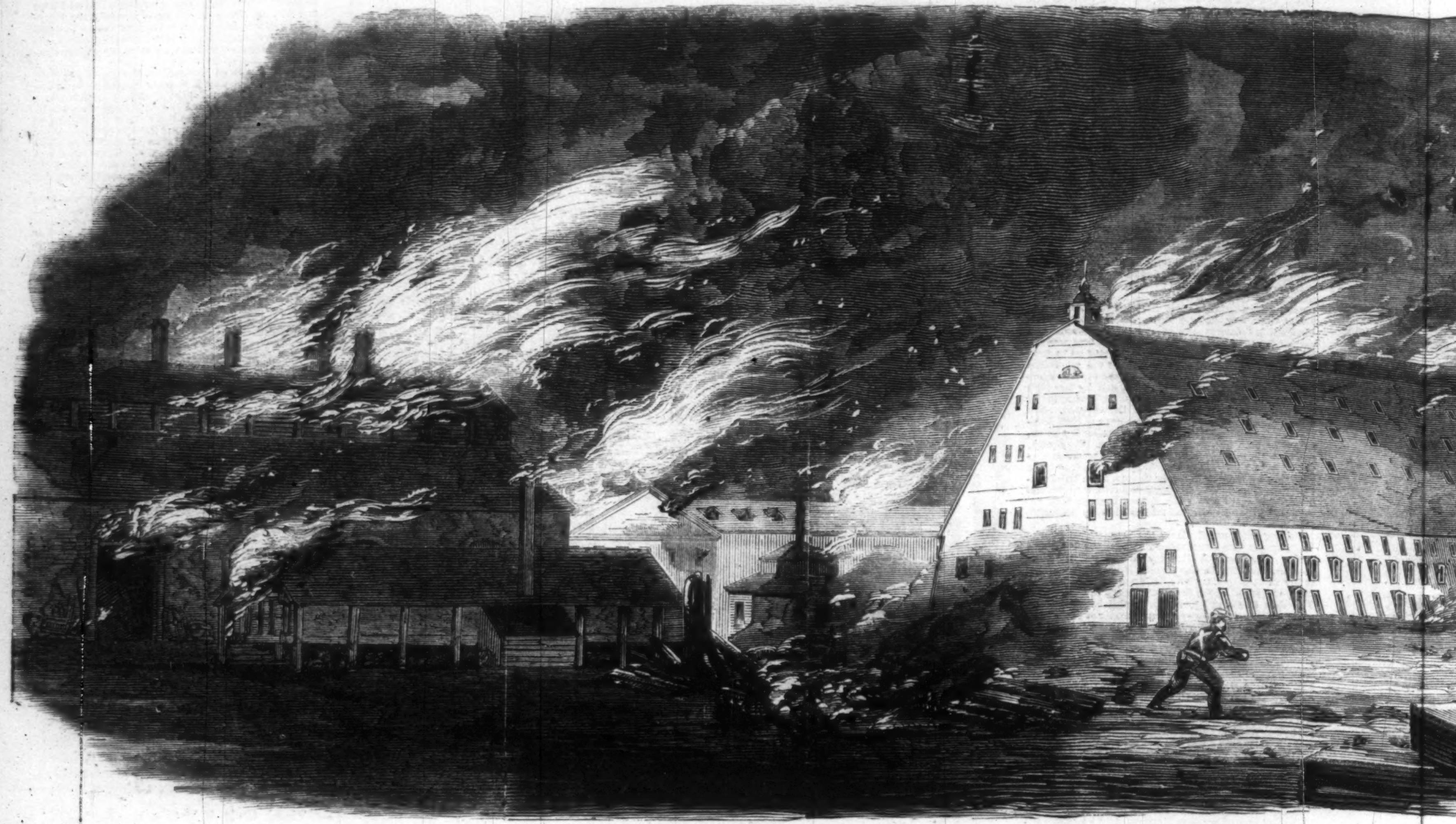
Let heroes, from Thermopylæ
To Waterloo, forgotten be;
Our faith in them is shaking.
Their deeds were rather grand, I know;
But not, though we have praised them so,
At all like Sumter's taking.

Thank God! if 'twas a bloodless fight,
Even brother foes in this unite;
May only such our heaven see!
But none can take from Southern men
The fame of that great battle, when
Seven thousand conquered seventy!

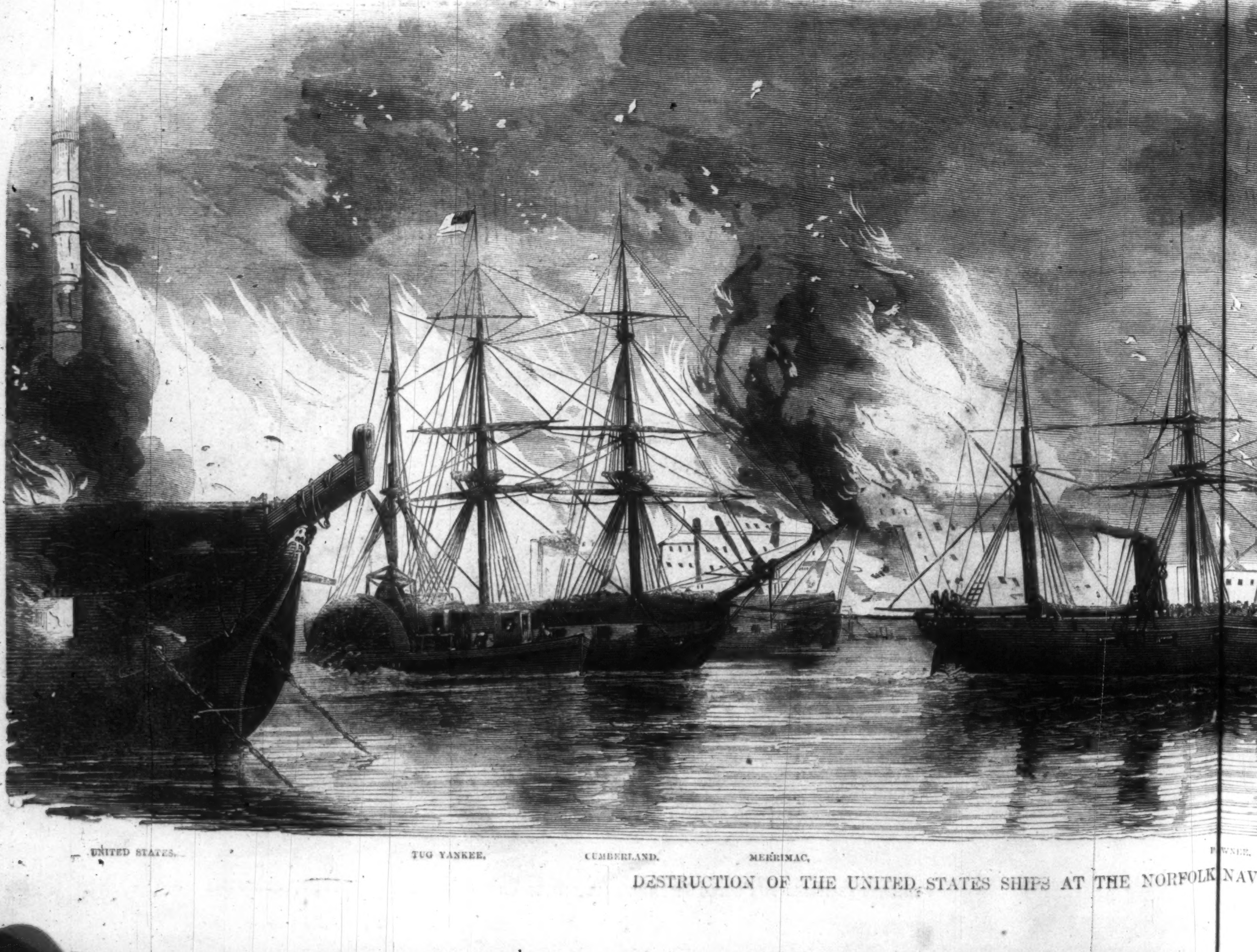
Baltimore, *April* 18, 1861.



MIDDIES LEARNING THE ROPES AT THE NAVAL SCHOOL ON BOARD THE "CONSTITUTION," ANNAPOLIS.



DESTRUCTION OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY-YARD AT NORFOLK, VIRGIN


UNITED STATES.
TUG YANKEE.
CUMBERLAND.
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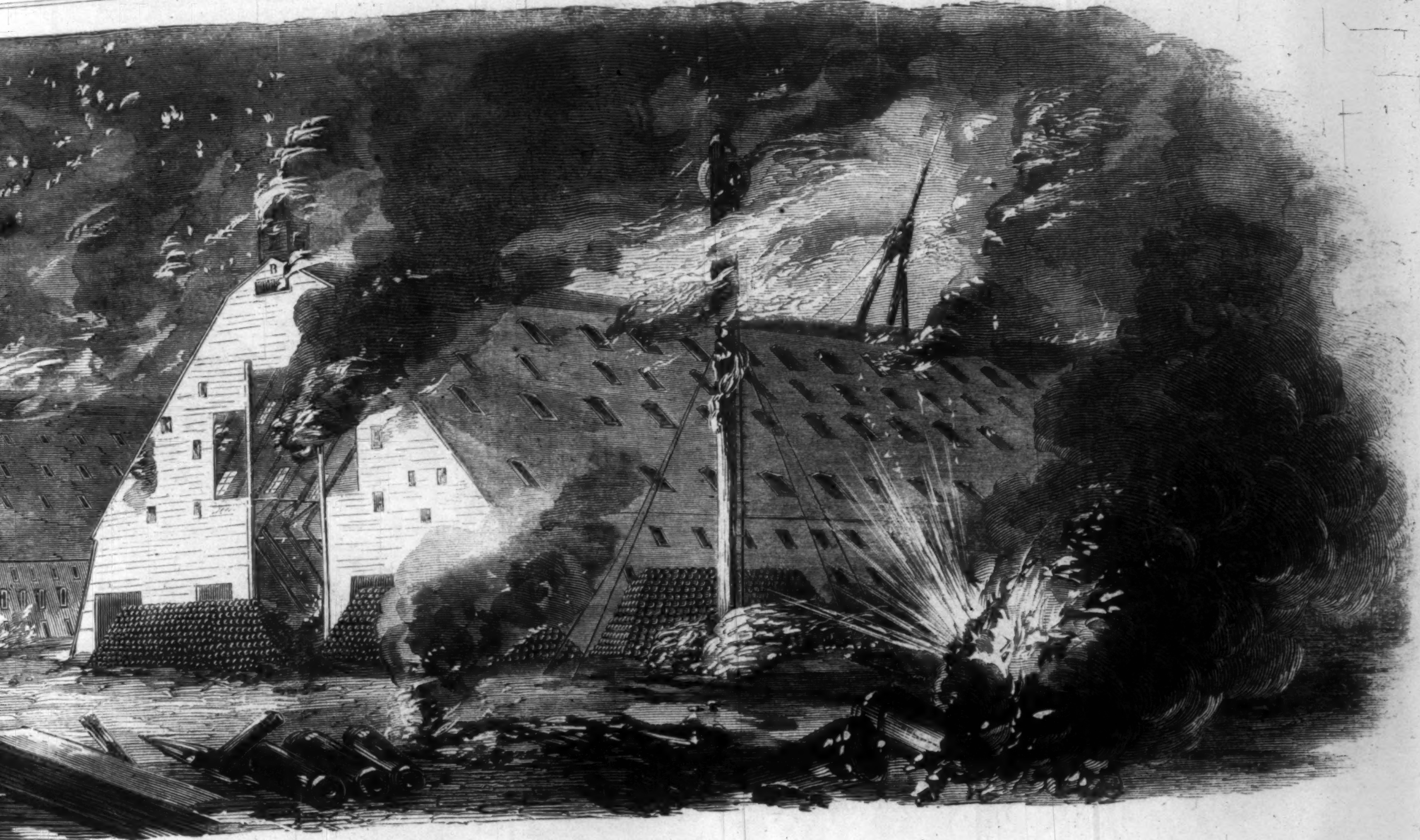
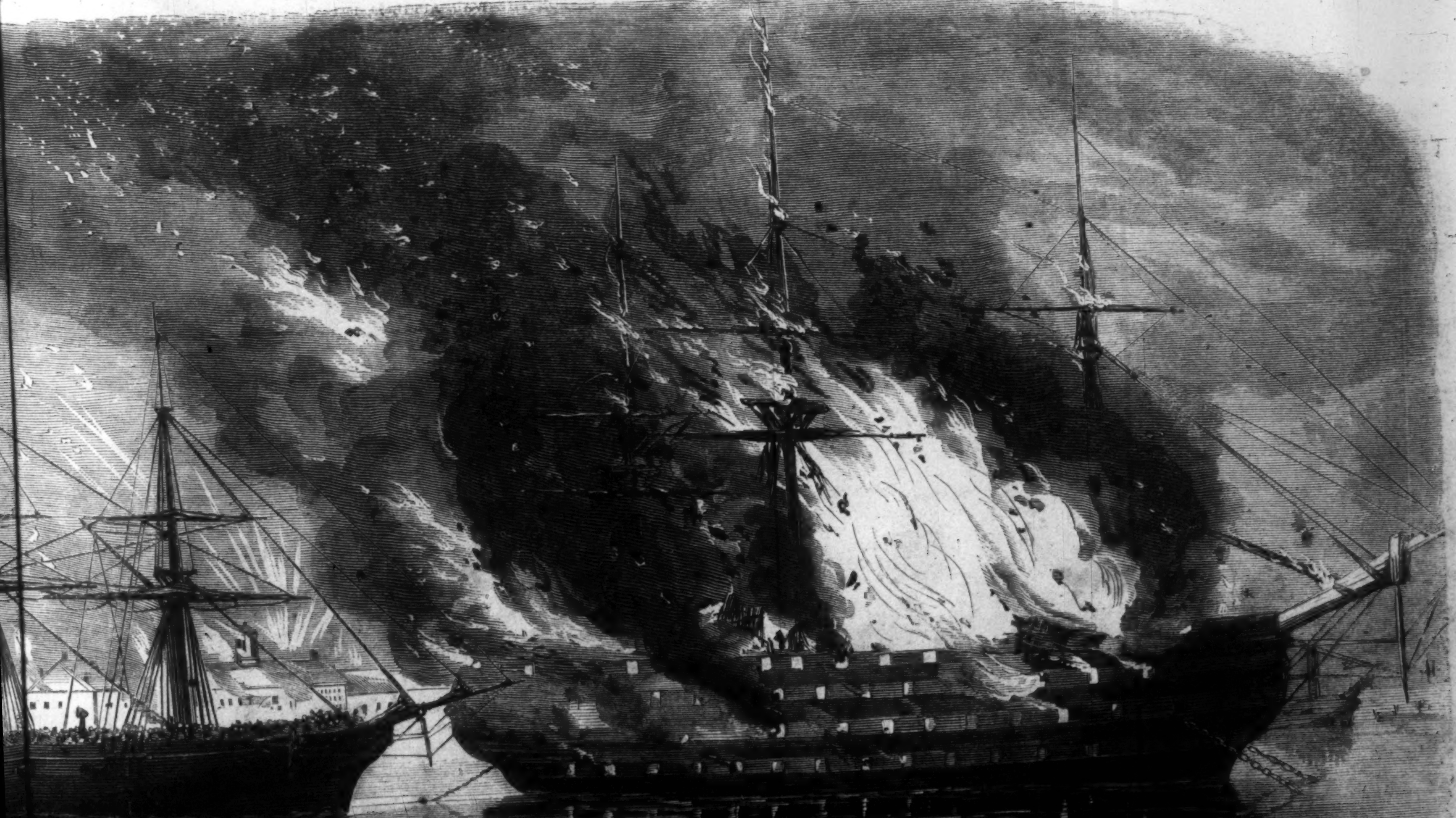
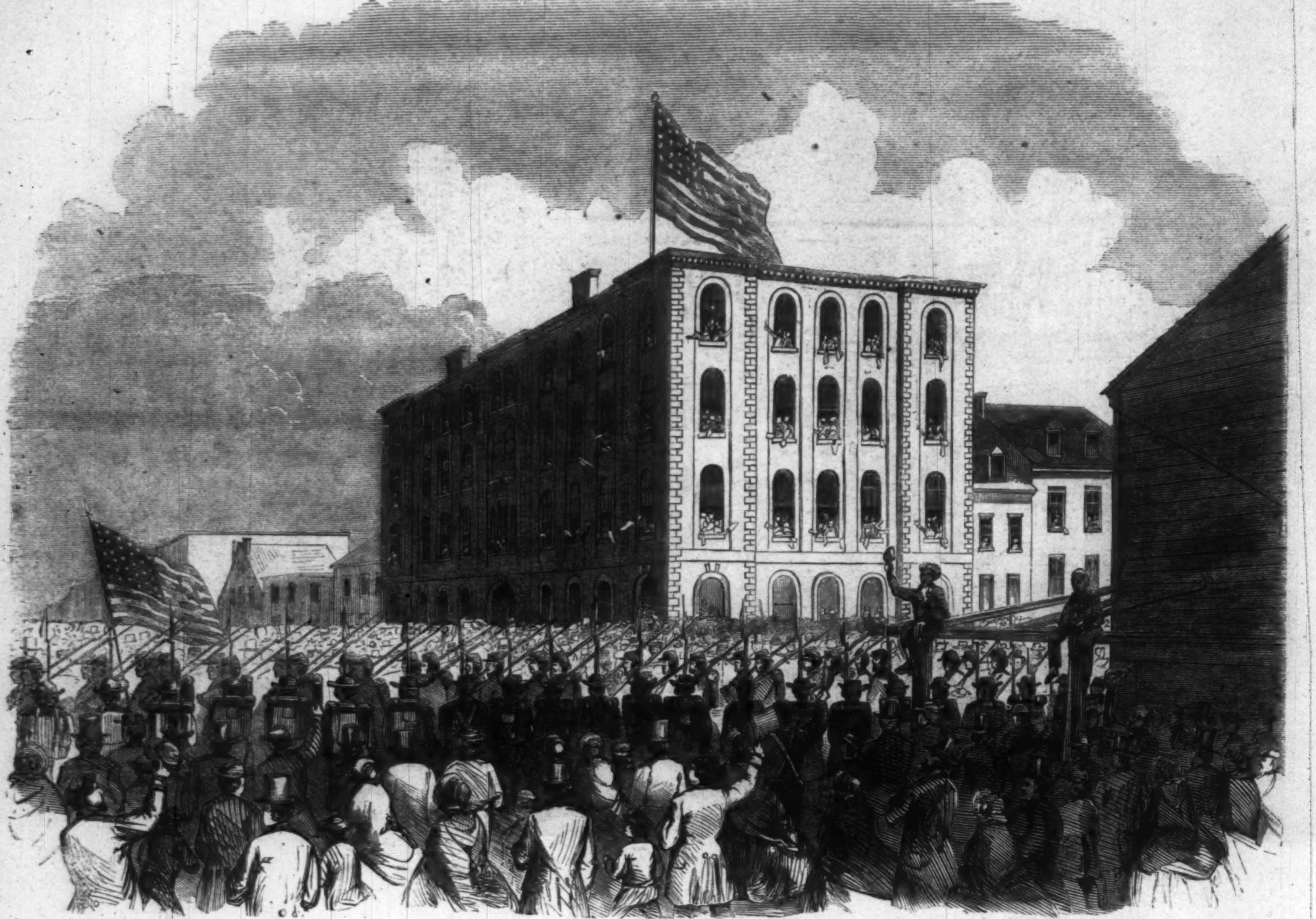
DESTRUCTION OF THE UNITED STATES SHIPS AT THE NORFOLK NAV



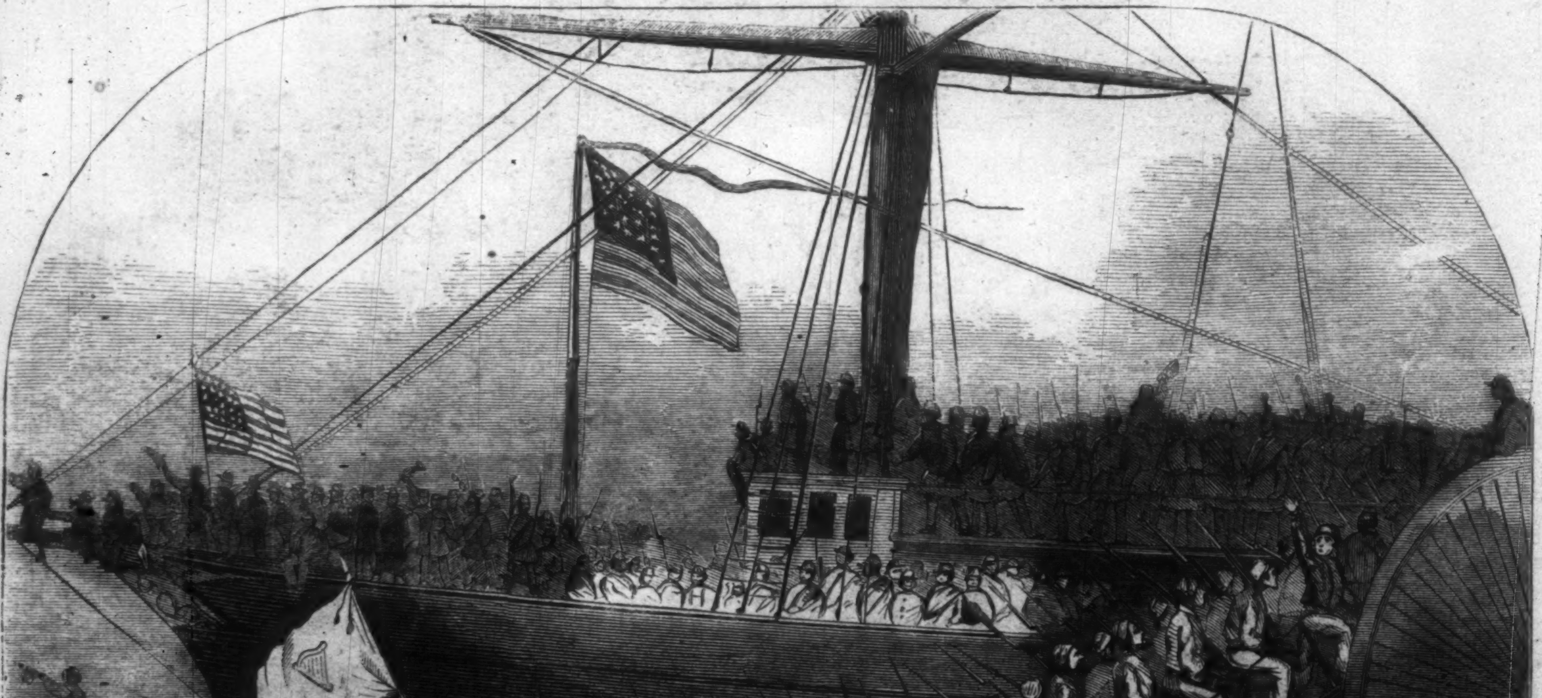
GINIA, BY FIRE, BY THE UNITED STATES TROOPS, ON APRIL 20, 1861.


PAWNEE.
PENNSYLVANIA.

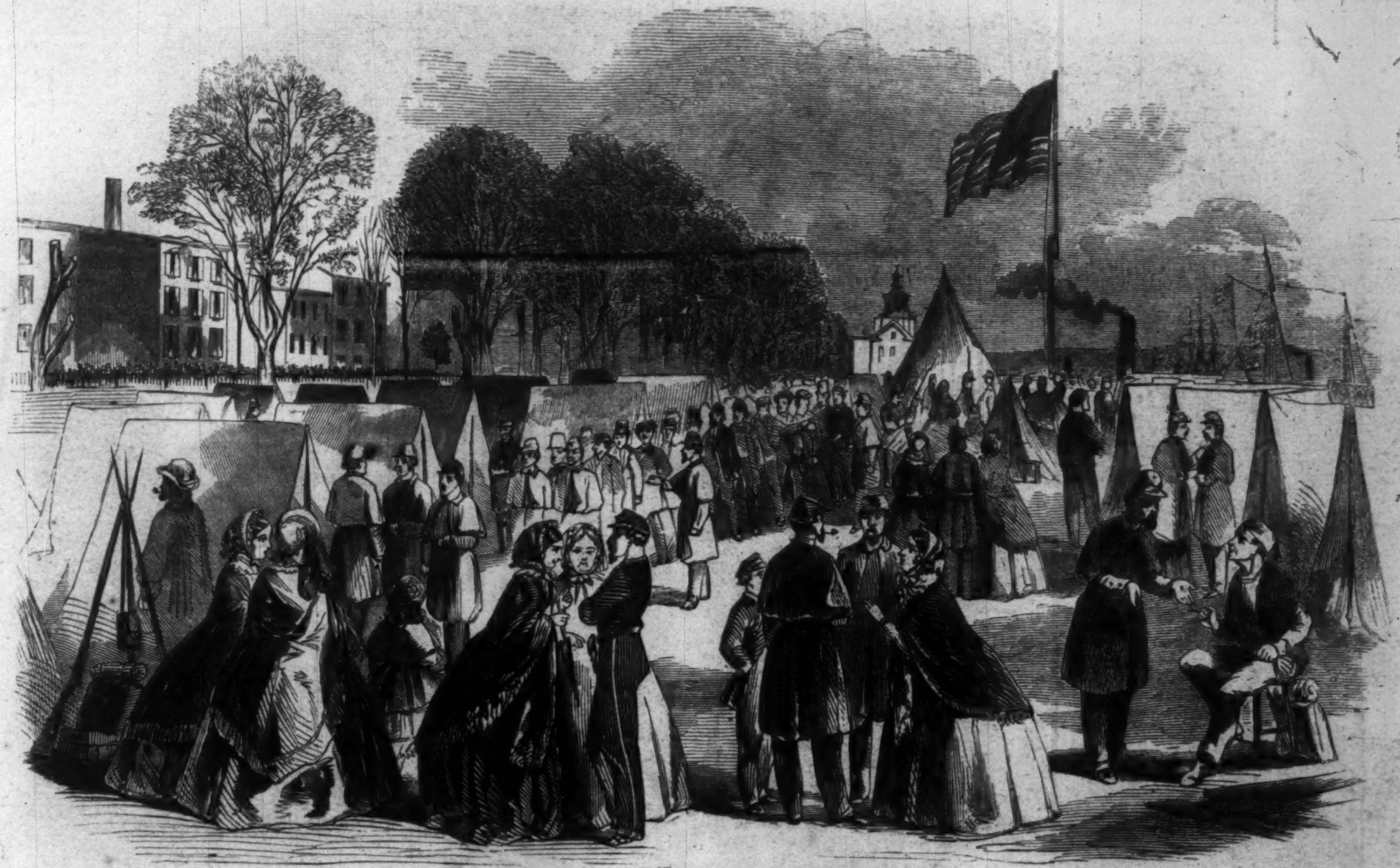
LK NAVY-YARD, BY ORDER OF THE GOVERNMENT.—[See Page 294.]



THE THIRTEENTH REGIMENT NEW YORK STATE MILITIA LEAVING THEIR ARMORY IN BROOKLYN FOR THE WAR, APRIL 23, 1861.—[See Page 295.]

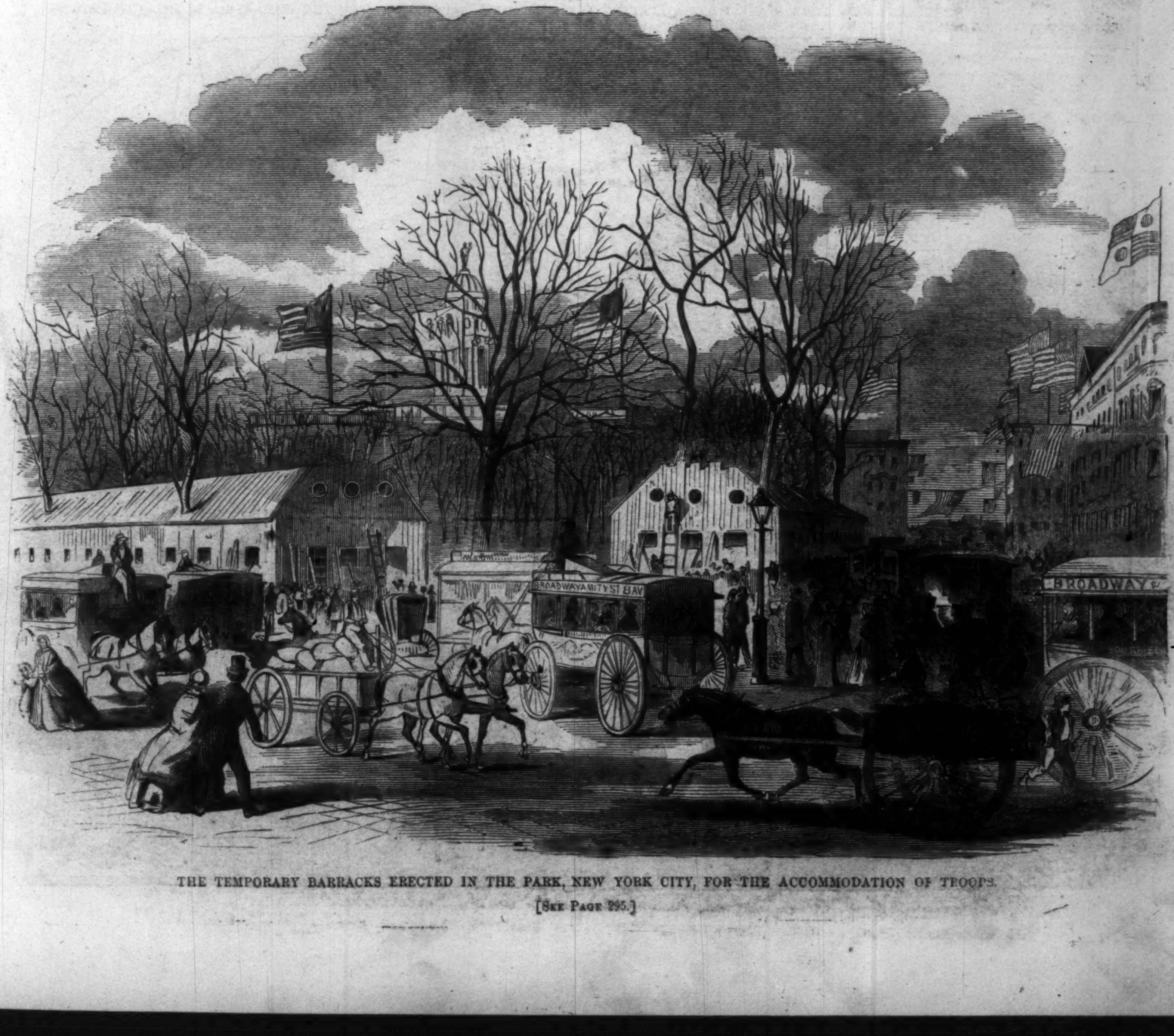


THE SIXTY-NINTH (IRISH) REGIMENT EMBARKING IN THE "JAMES ADGER" FOR THE WAR, APRIL 23, 1861.—[See Page 295.]



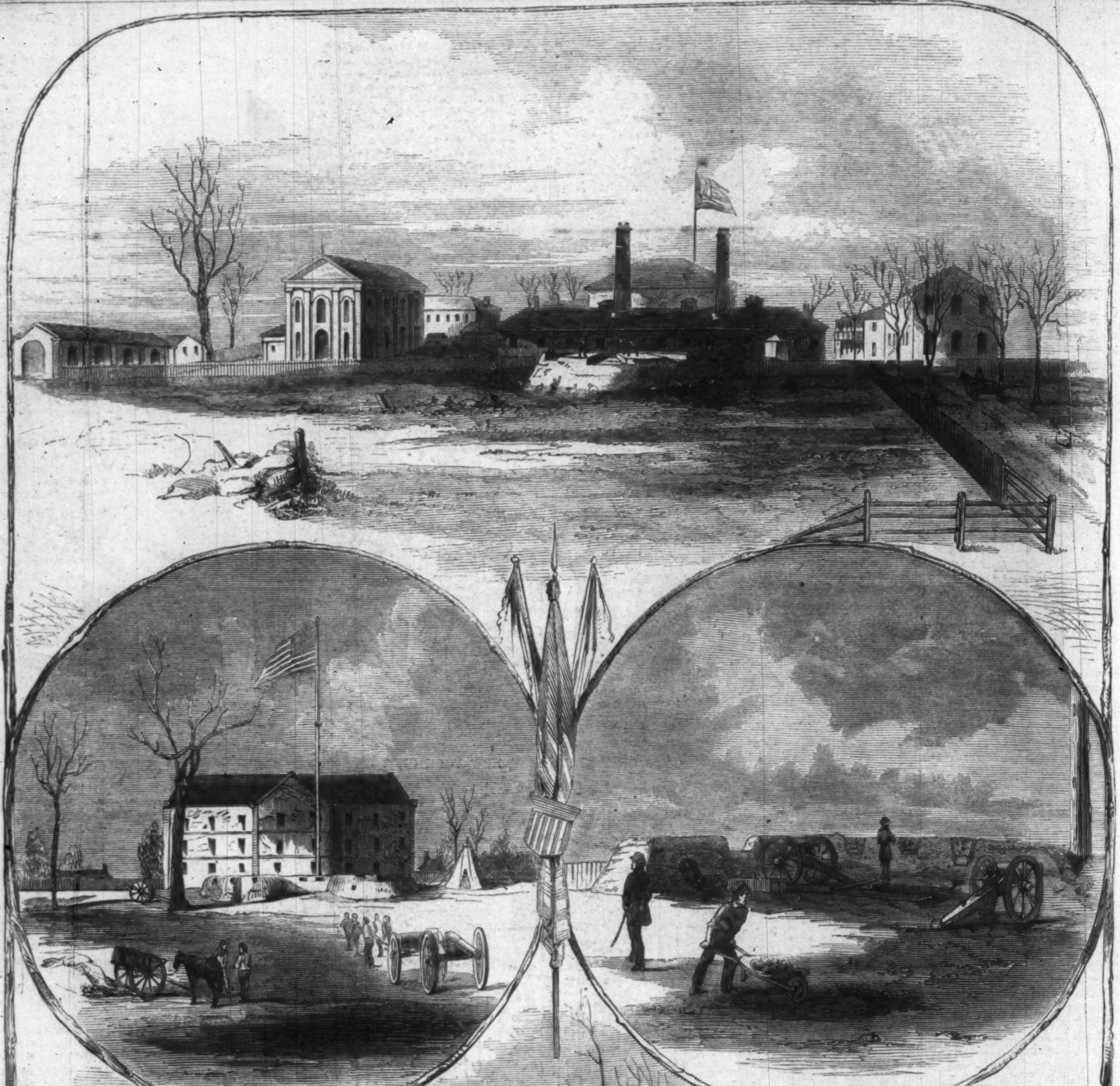
CAMP ON THE BATTERY, NEW YORK CITY.

[See Page 295.]

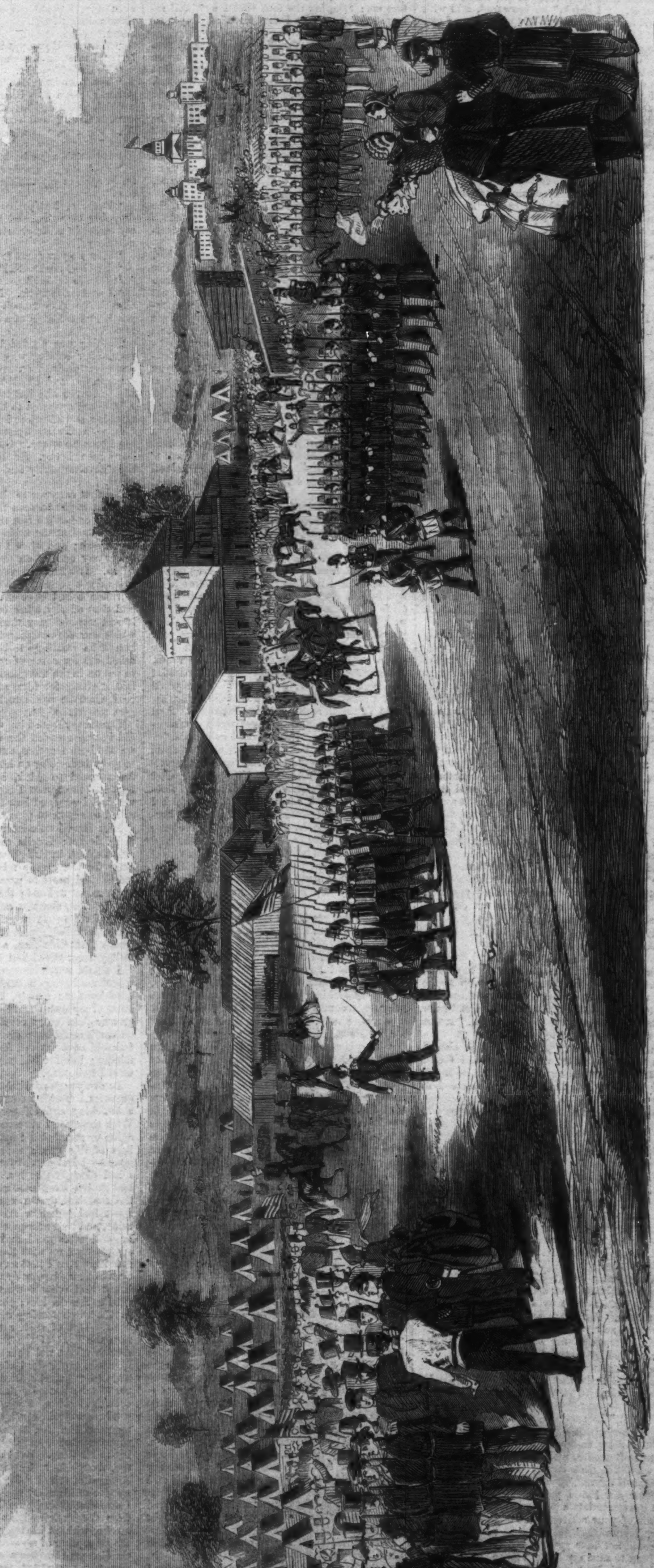

BROADWAY AMITY ST BAV
BROADWAY

THE TEMPORARY BARRACKS ERECTED IN THE PARK, NEW YORK CITY, FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF TROOPS.

[See Page 295.]



FORTIFICATIONS THROWN UP TO PROTECT THE UNITED STATES ARSENAL AT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—[SEE PAGE 295.]



CAMP CURTIN, NEAR HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA, A RENDEZVOUS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.—[SKETCHED BY JASPER GREEN, ESQ.]

CAMP CURTIN, PA.

WE publish herewith, from a drawing made on the spot, an illustration of Camp Curtin, a rendezvous of the Pennsylvania Volunteers. At this place Governor Curtin is understood to have collected some eight or ten thousand volunteers, and more are flocking in daily—horse, foot, and artillery. A large number of experienced drill-sergeants are busy from daylight till dark drilling the men, who go through the unaccustomed labor with cheerfulness, and only ask to be led forward. A gentleman who has just returned from Harrisburg writes as follows respecting the other camps of the Pennsylvania troops:

> "This State has in the neighborhood of seventeen thousand already in the field, and thousands more begging for the opportunity of marching. They have full six thousand stationed at Camp Scott, near York, under the command of Generals Wynkoop and Negley. There are twenty-six hundred at Camp Slifer, near Chambersburg, under the command of General E. A. Williams, one of the officers of the Pennsylvania volunteers in the Mexican War, who has Colonel J. J. Patterson for his aid. Scattered along between Elkton, Perryville and Philadelphia are six thousand more, and there are one or two regiments from Ohio near Lancaster, with some twelve hundred United States troops at Carlisle Barracks."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

I WAS three-and-twenty years of age. Not another word had I heard to enlighten me on the subject of my expectations, and my twenty-third birthday was a week gone. We had left Barnard's Inn more than a year, and lived in the Temple. Our chambers were in Garden Court, down by the river.

Mr. Pocket and I had for some time parted company as to our original relations, though we continued on the best terms. Notwithstanding my inability to settle to any thing—which I hope arose out of the restless and incomplete tenure on which I held my means—I had a taste for reading, and read regularly so many hours a day. That matter of Herbert's was still progressing, and every thing with me was as I have brought it down to the close of the last chapter.

Business had taken Herbert on a journey to Marseilles. I was alone, and had a dull sense of being alone. Dispirited and anxious, long hoping that to-morrow or next week would clear my way, and long disappointed, I sadly missed the cheerful face and ready response of my friend.

It was wretched weather; stormy and wet, stormy and wet; and mud, mud, mud, deep in all the streets. Day after day a vast heavy veil had been driving over London from the East, and it drove still, as if in the East there were an Eternity of cloud and wind. So furious had been the gusts that high buildings in town had had the lead stripped off their roofs; and in the country, trees had been torn up, and sails of wind-mills carried away; and gloomy accounts had come in from the coast of shipwreck and death. Violent blasts of rain had accompanied these rages of wind, and the day just closed as I sat down to read had been the worst of all.

Alterations have been made in that part of the Temple since that time, and it has not now so lonely a character as it had then, nor is it so exposed to the river. We lived at the top of the last house, and the wind rushing up the river shook the house that night like discharges of cannon or breaking of a sea. When the rain came with it and dashed against the windows, I thought, raising my eyes to them as they rocked, that I might have fancied myself in a storm-beaten light-house. Occasionally the smoke came rolling down the chimney as though it could not bear to go out into such a night; and when I set the doors open and looked down the staircase, the staircase lamps were blown out; and when I shaded my face with my hands and looked through the black windows (opening them ever so little was out of the question in the teeth of such wind and rain), I saw that the lamps in the court were blown out, and that the lamps on the bridges and the shore were shuddering, and that the coal fires in barges on the river were being carried away before the wind like red-hot splashes in the rain.

I read with my watch upon the table, purposing to close my book at eleven o'clock. As I shut it, Saint Paul's, and all the many church-clocks in the City—some leading, some accompanying, some following—struck that hour. The sound was curiously flawed by the wind; and I was listening, and thinking how the wind assailed it and tore it, when I heard a footstep on the stair.

What nervous folly made me start, and awfully connect it with the footstep of my dead sister, matters not. It was past in a moment, and I listened again, and heard the footstep stumble in coming on. Remembering then that the staircase-lights were blown out, I took up my reading-lamp and went out to the stair-head. Whoever was below had stopped on seeing my lamp, for all was quiet.

"There is some one down there, is there not?" I called out, looking down.

"Yes," said a voice from the darkness beneath.

"What floor do you want?"

"The top. Mr. Pip."

"That is my name. There is nothing the matter?"

"Nothing the matter," returned the voice. And the man came on.

I stood with my lamp held out over the stair-rail, and he slowly came within its light. It was a shaded lamp, to shine upon a book, and its circle of light was very contracted; so that he was in it for a mere instant, and then out of it. In the instant, I had seen a face that was strange to me, looking up with an incomprehensible air of being touched and pleased by the sight of me.

Moving the lamp as the man moved, I made out that he was substantially dressed, but roughly: like a voyager by sea. That he had long, iron-gray hair. That his age was about sixty. That he was a muscular man, strong on his legs, and that he was browned and hardened by exposure to weather. As he ascended the last stair or two, and the light of my lamp included us both, I saw, with a stupid kind of amazement, that he was holding out both his hands to me.

"Pray what is your business?" I asked him.

"My business?" he repeated, pausing. "Ah! Yes. I will explain my business, by your leave."

"Do you wish to come in?"

"Yes," he replied; "I wish to come in, Master."

I had asked him the question inhospitably enough, for I resented the sort of bright and gratified recognition that still shone in his face. I resented it, because it seemed to imply that he expected me to respond to it. But I took him into the room I had just left, and, having set the lamp on the table, asked him as civilly as I could to explain himself.

He looked about him with the strangest air—an air of wondering pleasure, as if he had some part in the things he admired—and he pulled off a rough outer coat, and his hat. Then I saw that his head was furrowed and bald, and that the long, iron-gray hair grew only on its sides. But I saw nothing that in the least explained him. On the contrary, I saw him next moment once more holding out both his hands to me.

"What do you mean?" said I, half suspecting him to be mad.

He stopped in his looking at me, and slowly rubbed his right hand over his head. "It's disapinting to a man," he said, in a coarse, broken voice, "arter having looked for'ard so distant and come so fur; but you're not to blame for that—neither on us is to blame for that. I'll speak in half a minute. Give me half a minute, please."

He sat down in a chair that stood before the fire, and covered his forehead with his large brown veinous hands. I looked at him attentively then, and recoiled a little from him; but I did not know him.

"There's no one nigh," said he, looking over his shoulder; "is there?"

"Why do you, a stranger coming into my rooms at this time of the night, ask that question?" said I.

"You're a game one," he returned, shaking his head at me with a deliberate affection, at once most unintelligible and most exasperating; "I'm glad you've grow'd up, a game one! But don't catch hold of me. You'd be sorry arterward to have done it."

I relinquished the intention he had detected, for I knew him! Even yet, I could not recall a single feature, but I knew him! If the wind and the rain had driven away the intervening years, had scattered all the intervening objects, had swept us to the church-yard where we first stood face to face on such different levels, I could not have known my convict more distinctly than I knew him now, as he sat in the chair before the fire. No need to take a file from his pocket and show it to me; no need to take the handkerchief from his neck and twist it round his head; no need to hug himself with both his arms, and take a shivering turn across the room, looking back at me for recognition. I knew him before he gave me one of those aids, though, a moment before, I had not been conscious of remotely suspecting his identity.

He came back to where I stood, and again held out both his hands. Not knowing what to do—for in my astonishment I had lost my self-possession—I reluctantly gave him my hands. He grasped them heartily, raised them to his lips, kissed them, and still held them.

"You acted noble, my boy," said he. "Noble, Pip! And I have never forgot it!"

At a change in his manner as if he were even going to embrace me, I laid a hand upon his breast and put him away.

"Stay!" said I. "Keep off! If you are grateful to me for what I did when I was a little child, I hope you have shown your gratitude by mending your way of life. If you have come here to thank me, it was not necessary. Still, however you have found me out, there must be something good in the feeling that has brought you here, and I will not repulse you; but surely you must understand that—I—"

My attention was so attracted by the singularity of his fixed look at me, that the words died away on my tongue.

"You was a saying," he observed, when we had confronted one another in silence, "that surely I must understand. What surely must I understand?"

"That I can not wish to renew that chance intercourse with you of long ago, under these different circumstances. I am glad to believe you have repented and recovered yourself. I am glad to tell you so. I am glad that, thinking I deserve to be thanked, you have come to thank me. But our ways are different ways, none the less. You are wet, and you look weary. Will you drink something before you go?"

He had replaced his neckerchief loosely, and had stood, keenly observant of me, biting a long end of it. "I think," he answered, still with the end at his mouth and still observant of me, "that I *will* drink (I thank you) afore I go."

There was a tray ready on a side-table. I brought it to the table near the fire, and asked him what he would have? He touched one of the bottles without looking at it or speaking, and I made him some hot rum-and-water. I tried to keep my hand steady while I did so, but his look at me as he leaned back in his chair with the long draggled end of his neckerchief between his teeth—evidently forgotten—made my hand very difficult to master. When at last I put the glass to him, I saw with new amazement that his eyes were full of tears.

Up to this time I had remained standing, not to disguise that I wished him gone. But I was softened by the softened aspect of the man, and felt a touch of reproach. "I hope," said I, hurriedly putting something into a glass for myself, and drawing a chair to the table, "that you will not think I spoke harshly to you just now. I had no intention of doing it, and I am sorry for it if I did. I wish you well, and happy!"

As I put my glass to my lips he glanced with surprise at the end of his neckerchief, dropping from his mouth when he opened it, and stretched out his hand. I gave him mine, and then he drank, and drew his sleeve across his eyes and forehead.

"How are you living?" I asked him.

"I've been a sheep-farmer, stock-breeder, other trades besides, away in the new world," said he; "many a thousand miles of stormy water off from this."

"I hope you have done well?"

"I've done wonderful well. There's others went out alonger me as has done well too, but no man has done nigh as well as me. I'm famous for it."

"I am glad to hear it."

"I hope to hear you say so, my dear boy."

Without stopping to try to understand those words or the tone in which they were spoken, I turned off to a point that had just come into my mind.

"Have you ever seen a messenger you once sent to me," I inquired, "since he undertook that trust?"

"Never set eyes upon him. I wasn't likely to it."

"He came faithfully, and he brought me the two one-pound notes. I was a poor boy then, as you know, and to a poor boy they were a little fortune. But, like you, I have done well since, and you must let me pay them back. You can put them to some other poor boy's use." I took out my purse.

He watched me as I laid my purse upon the table and opened it, and he watched me as I separated two one-pound notes from its contents. They were clean and new, and I spread them out and handed them over to him. Still watching me, he laid them one upon the other, folded them long-wise, gave them a twist, set fire to them at the lamp, and dropped the ashes into the tray.

"May I make so bold," he said then, with a smile that was like a frown, and with a frown that was like a smile, "as ask you *how* you have done well, since you and me was out on them lone shivering marshes?"

"How?"

"Ah!"

He emptied his glass, got up, and stood at the side of the fire, with his heavy brown hand on the mantle-shelf. He put a foot up to the bars, to dry and warm it, and the wet boot began to steam; but he neither looked at it, nor at the fire, but steadily looked at me. It was only now that I began to tremble.

When my lips had parted, and had shaped some words that were without sound, I forced myself to tell him (though I could not do it distinctly), that I had been chosen to succeed to some property.

"Might a mere warmint ask what property?" said he.

I faltered, "I don't know."

"Might a mere warmint ask whose property?" said he.

I faltered again, "I don't know."

"Could I make a guess, I wonder," said the Convict, "at your income since you come of age! As to the first figure now. Five?"

With my heart beating like a heavy hammer of disordered action, I rose out of my chair, and stood with my hand upon the back of it, looking wildly at him.

"Concerning a guardian," he went on. "There ought to have been some guardian, or such-like, while you was a minor. Some lawyer, maybe. As to the first letter of that lawyer's name now. Would it be J?"

All the truth of my position came flashing on me; and its disappointments, dangers, disgraces, consequences of all kinds, rushed in in such a multitude that I was borne down by them, and had to struggle for every breath I drew.

"Put it," he resumed, "as the employer of that lawyer whose name begun with a J, and might be Jaggers—put it as he had come over sea to Portsmouth, and had landed there, and had wanted to come on to you. 'However, you have found me out,' you says just now. Well! However did I find you out? Why, I wrote from Portsmouth to a person in London, for particulars of your address. That person's name? Why, Wemmick."

I could not have spoken one word though it had been to save my life. I stood, with a hand on the chair-back and a hand on my breast, where I seemed to be suffocating—I stood so, looking wildly at him, until I grasped at the chair, when the room began to surge and turn. He caught me, drew me to the sofa, put me up against the cushions, and bent on one knee before me: bringing the face that I now well remembered, and that I shuddered at, very near to mine.

"Yes, Pip, dear boy, I've made a gentleman on you! It's me wot has done it! I swore that time, sure as ever I earned a guinea, that guinea should go to you. I swore arterward, sure as ever I spec'lated and got rich, you should get rich. I lived rough that you should live smooth; I worked hard that you should be above work. What odds, dear boy? Do I tell it fur you to feel a obligation? Not a bit. I tell it fur you to know as that there hunted dunghill dog wot you kep life in got his head so high that he could make a gentleman—and, Pip, you're him!"

The abhorrence in which I held the man, the dread I had of him, the repugnance with which I shrank from him, could not have been exceeded if he had been some terrible beast.

"Look'ee here, Pip. I'm your second father. You're my son—more to me nor any son. I've put away money, only for you to spend. When I was a hired-out shepherd in a solitary hut, not seeing no faces but faces of sheep till I half forgot wot men's and women's faces wos like, I see yourn. I drops my knife many a time in that hut when I was a eating my dinner or my supper, and I says, 'Here's the boy again, a looking at me whiles I eats and drinks!' I see you there, a many times, as plain as ever I see you on them misty marshes. 'Lord strike me dead!' I says each time—and I goes out in the air to say it under the open heavens—'but wot, if I gets liberty and money, I'll make that boy a gentleman!' And I done it. Why, look at you, dear boy! Look at these here lodgings o' yourn, fit for a lord! A lord? Ah! You shall show money with lords for wagers, and beat 'em!"

In his heat and triumph, and in his knowledge that I had been nearly fainting, he did not remark on my reception of all this. It was the one grain of relief I had.

"Look'ee here!" he went on, taking out my watch, and turning toward him a ring on my finger, while I recoiled from his touch as if he had been a snake, "a gold 'un and a beauty; *that's* a gentleman's! A diamond, all set round with rubies; *that's* a gentleman's! Look at your linen; fine and beautiful! Look at your clothes; better ain't to be got! And your books too," turning his eyes round the room, "mounting up, on their shelves, by hundreds! And you read 'em; don't you? I see you'd been a reading of 'em when I come in. Ha, ha, ha! You shall read 'em to me, dear boy! And if they're in foreign languages wot I don't understand, I shall be just as proud as if I did."

Again he took both my hands and put them to his lips, while my blood ran cold within me.

"Don't you mind talking, Pip," said he, after again drawing his sleeve over his eyes and forehead, as the click came in his throat which I well remembered—and he was all the more horrible to me that he was so much in earnest; "you can't do better nor keep quiet, dear boy. You ain't looked slowly forward to this as I have; you wosn't prepared for this, as I wos. But didn't you never think it might be me?"

"Oh no, no, no," I returned. "Never, never!"

"Well, you see it *was* me, and single-handed. Never a soul in it but my own self and Mr. Jaggers."

"Was there no one else?" I asked.

"No," said he, with a glance of surprise; "who else should there be? And, dear boy, how good-looking you have growed! There's bright eyes somewheres—eh? Isn't there bright eyes somewheres, wot you love the thoughts on?"

Oh Estella, Estella!

"They shall be yourn, dear boy, if money can buy 'em. Not that a gentleman like you, so well set up as you, can't win 'em off of his own game; but money shall back you! Let me finish wot I was a telling you, dear boy. From that there hut and that there hiring out, I got my liberty and went for myself. In every single thing I went for, I went for you. 'Lord strike a blight upon it,' I says, wotever it was I went for, 'if it ain't for him!' It all prospered wonderful. As I giv' you to understand just now, I'm famous for it. It was the gains of the first few year wot I sent home to Mr. Jaggers—all for you—when he first come arter you, agreeable to my letter."

Oh that he had never come! That he had left me at the forge—far from contented, yet, by comparison, happy!

"And then, dear boy, it was a recompense to me, look'ee here, to know in secret that I was making a gentleman. The blood-horses of them colonists might fling up the dust over me as I was walking; what do I say? I says to myself, 'I'm making a better gentleman nor ever *you*'ll be!' When one of 'em says to another, 'He was a convict, a few year ago, and is a ignorant common fellow now, for all he's lucky,' what do I say? I says to myself, 'If I ain't a gentleman, nor yet ain't got no learning, I'm the owner of such. All on you owns stock and land; which on you owns a brought-up London gentleman?' This way I kep' myself a going. And this way I held steady afore my mind that I would for certain come one day and see my boy, and make myself known to him, on his own ground."

He laid his hand on my shoulder. I shuddered at the thought that for any thing I knew it might be stained with blood.

"It warn't easy, Pip, for me to leave them parts, nor yet it warn't safe. But I held to it, and the harder it was the stronger I held, for I was determined, and my mind firm made up. At last I done it. Dear boy, I done it!"

I tried to collect my thoughts, but I was stunned. Throughout, I had seemed to myself to attend more to the wind and rain than to him; even now, I could not separate his voice from those voices, though those were loud and his was silent.

"Where will you put me?" he asked, presently. "I must be put somewheres, dear boy."

"To sleep?" said I.

"Yes. And to sleep long and sound," he answered; "for I've been sea-tossed and sea-washed, weeks and months."

"My friend and companion," said I, rising from the sofa, "is absent; you must have his room."

"He won't come back to-morrow, will he?"

"No," said I, answering almost mechanically, in spite of my utmost efforts; "not to-morrow."

"Because, look'ee here, dear boy," he said, dropping his voice, and laying a long finger on my breast in an impressive manner, "caution is necessary."

"How do you mean? Caution?"

"By G—, it's Death!"

"What's death?"

"I was sent for life. It's death to come back. There's been overmuch coming back of late years, and I should of a certainty be hanged if took."

Nothing was needed but this; the wretched man, after loading wretched me with his gold and silver chains for years, had risked his life to come to me, and I held it there in my keeping! If I had loved him instead of abhorring him; if I had been attracted to him by the strongest admiration and affection, instead of shrinking from him with the strongest repugnance, it could have been no worse. On the contrary, it would have been better, for his preservation would then have naturally and tenderly addressed my heart.

My first care was to close the shutters, so that no light might be seen from without, and then to close and make fast the doors. While I did so, he stood at the table drinking rum and eating biscuit; and when I saw him thus engaged, I saw my convict on the marshes at his meal again. It almost seemed to me as if he must stoop down presently, to file at his leg.

When I had gone into Herbert's room, and had shut off any other communication between it and the staircase than through the room in which our conversation had been held, I asked him if he would go to bed? He said yes, but asked me for some of my "gentleman's linen" to put on in the morning. I brought it out, and laid it ready for him, and my blood again ran cold when he again took me by both hands to give me good-night.

I got away from him, without knowing how I did it, and mended the fire in the room where we had been together, and sat down by it, afraid to go to bed. For an hour or more I remained too stunned to think, and it was not until I began to think that I began fully to know how wrecked I was, and how the ship in which I had sailed was gone to pieces.

Miss Havisham's intentions toward me all a mere dream; Estella not designed for me; I only suffered in Satis House as a convenience, a sting for the greedy relations, a model with a mechanical heart to practice on when no other practice was at hand; those were the first smarts I had. But, sharpest and deepest pain of all—it was for the convict, guilty of I knew not what crimes, and liable to be taken out of those rooms where I sat thinking, and hanged at the Old Bailey door, that I had deserted Joe.

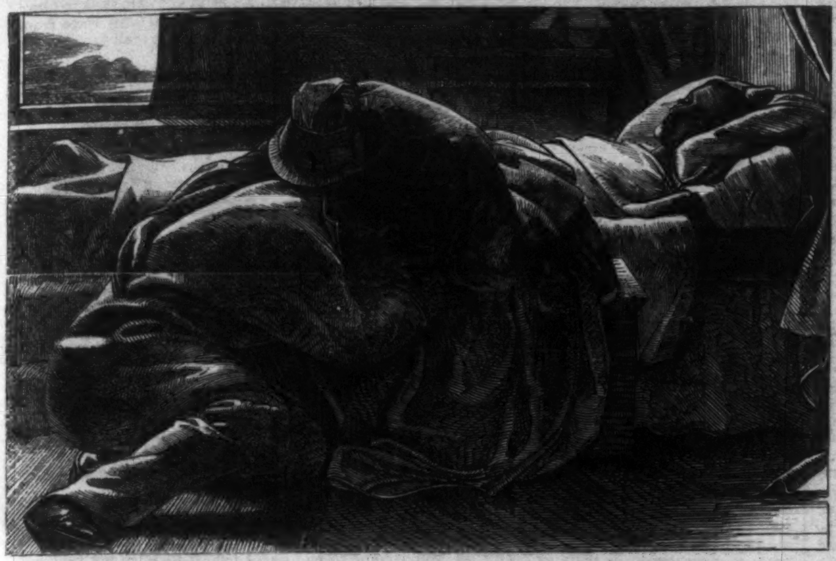
I would not have gone back to Joe now, I would not have gone back to Biddy now, for any consideration: simply, I suppose, because my sense of my own worthless conduct to them was greater than every consideration. No wisdom on earth could have given me the comfort that I should have derived from their simplicity and fidelity; but I could never, never, never undo what I had done.

In every rage of wind and rush of rain I heard pursuers. Twice I could have sworn there was a knocking and whispering at the outer door. With these fears upon me, I began either to imagine or recall that I had had mysterious warnings of this man's approach. That for weeks gone by I had passed faces in the streets which I had thought like his. That these likenesses had grown more numerous as he, coming over the sea, had drawn nearer. That his wicked spirit had somehow sent these messengers to mine, and that now on this stormy night he was as good as his word, and with me.

Crowding up with these reflections came the reflection that I had seen him with my childish eyes to be a desperately violent man; that I had heard that other convict reiterate that he had tried to murder him; that I had seen him down in the ditch tearing and fighting like a wild beast. Out of such remembrances I brought into the light of the fire a half-formed terror that it might not be safe to be shut up there with him in the dead of the wild, solitary night. This dilated until it filled the room, and impelled me to take a candle and go in and look at my dreadful burden.

There was still much of the old marsh character upon him, for he had rolled a handkerchief round his head, and his face was set and lowering in his sleep. But he was asleep, and quietly too, though he had a pistol lying on the pillow. Assured of this, I softly removed the key to the outside of his door, and turned it on him before I again sat down by the fire. Gradually I slipped from the chair and lay on the floor. When I awoke, without having parted in my sleep with the perception of my wretchedness, the clocks of the Eastern churches were striking five, the candles were wasted out, the fire was dead, and the wind and rain intensified the thick black darkness.

THIS IS THE END OF THE SECOND STAGE OF PIP'S EXPECTATIONS.



THE SAILOR'S BRIDE.

"Open the casement, mother dear!
Methinks the tide is high,
And I would look upon the sea
Once more before I die.

"Some ships are making for the bay;
It may be *his* is one.
Oh, mother! how will Leonard grieve
To come and find me gone.

"I well remember when he sailed
(It was at Lammas-tide),
He said that he would soon return
To claim his rosy bride.

"But, ah! the flush upon my cheek,
That showed like health's fresh bloom,
Was Death's own color—he had decked
His victim for the tomb.

"I had a vague misgiving then
I could not put away;
And look through parting tears unto
A happy meeting day.

"But he was full of hope—for him
The future had no cloud;
He saw me in my bridal dress,
Not in my burial shroud.

"Alas! he'll be a widowed man
Before I am his wife;
Oh, mother! for his sake and yours,
I sometimes pray for life.

"I know that he will soon be here,
It may be come this day;
I once thought it was very hard
To die, and he away.

"But now I feel 'tis ordered well
That Leonard is not here;
I might have found it was more hard
To die when he was near.

"Tell him I had my little bed
Before the window drawn,
That I might look upon the sea,
And think of him each morn.

"And say that with my latest breath
I prayed God soothe his pain;
And, mother, bid him live that so
We two may meet again.

"I know that you will grieve for me,
But he will be your son;
Tell him I bade him watch o'er you,
When your own child was gone."

Gazing upon the far-off sea,
A while she quiet lay,
Then murmured, "Father, lead my thoughts
From earthly things away."

And with that prayer God gave her peace,
And she was very calm;
And, like the swan that sings its dirge,
Chanted some favorite psalm.

Then stole a cloud across her face;
"All things are growing dim,
Mother! Can this be death? Kiss me,
And give my love to him."

A hand is on the cottage-door;
A face bends o'er the bed.
Too late! too late hath Leonard come;
Love can not raise the dead.

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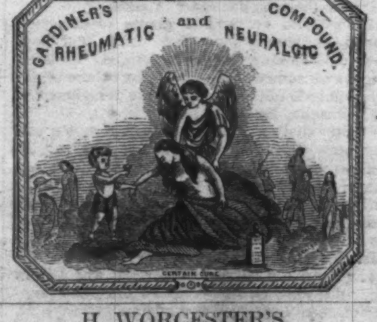

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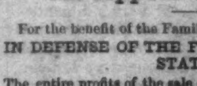
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